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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Me's or I's

THE College Entrance Examination Board has decided, it appears, that "it is me" is good English, making its decision on the ground that "it is I" is affected. Barrett Wendell, long ago, we recall, arrived at the same conclusion from the slightly different premise that custom, by sanctioning the usage, had made it proper. Yet the weight of critical opinion still sets against it, or did until the academic decree caused a mild ripple in linguistic waters. Where, asks critical opinion, are we going to stop if we yield to the mistakes of the ignorant or the carelessness of the indifferent? Who is to say us nay if we prefer "he don't" to "he doesn't," or "different than" to "different from"? Who are to be the arbiters of language, the masses or the scholars?

Precisely because nicety of speech is so prevailingly looked upon as affectation is the ordinary run of American conversation so little pungent. It is not that Americans have not the ability to use words effectively but that they do not choose so to use them. Oratory has never lacked practitioners in America and fluency is the possession of every lodge and Dorcas society. The after-dinner speech, the commercial address, the political improvisation all come with readiness and grace from American lips. But the ordinary give and take of social conversation is commonplace where it is not banal or illiterate.

And it is commonplace in part because the American child grows up with the idea that to pick and choose his phrases is to make himself a target for the ridicule of his companions, and because the American man believes that to be discriminating in speech is to be high-brow, and to be high-brow is to be read out of the fellowship of democracy. In speech as in dress the conventional is the desirable. If all the world proclaims a "show" a "knock-out" why risk the invidious distinction of being thought affected by describing it in terms more subtle? Slang, of course, has its useful function to perform in fertilizing and keeping productive a language, and has in its raciness the virtue of picturesqueness. But the trouble with slang as the American employs it is that it soon loses its peculiar fitness and its stalwart thrust through its indiscriminate application, and like a weed chokes out the fine flower of gracious language. We take over a word into our vocabulary that enriches it or supplies a lack, and promptly by using it in season and out deprive it of all meaning. Who can have forgotten the rise and fall of "camouflage" during the war years? And who can predict the future of "parking," when already our novelists are perverting its right meaning into slang through such expressions as "she parked her hands in her lap?"

Only a few years ago slang travelled slowly; it was growing stale in the east when it reached the middle west, and had been relegated to the dust-heap on the Atlantic seaboard before it had arrived at the Pacific coast. But to-day with the radio braying forth every new phrase that has caught the popular fancy in one corner of the country to every other, we shall all be using the same slang simultaneously, and all be matching wits in coining substitutes for it the day after it has been born. The language of the masses will be full of vulgarisms, and if to boot we are to allow the speech of the more critically educated to yield precision to a charge of affectation where then will our American English be? No, we don't agree with the honorable members of the College Entrance Examination Board. Since the masses won't the scholars should preserve the distinction between their "I's" and "me's."

Moment

By S. FOSTER DAMON

LIKE a huge, fringed blossom dropped in the forest
was the pool with its stem of brook;
and moving in the blossom's heart
I saw many nymphs.
Their bodies were translucent as the stalks of tulips.
"Come," they sang, "Come! gaze fully upon us!"
and they swam to my rock
as the silver salmon crowd toward a torch.

"Come! Enter among us! Choose one, chase all!
Or, if you are weary,
you may sleep in our arms forever. O come!"

"No, no!" I answered. "I am not sleepy now.
But I gaze with envy upon your free forms.
Naked as you are, there is always the water's veil
between my touch and yours. Why is this?"

"Not always!" they sang, swimming away again.
"Not always!" they called back through the water.
"The veil has not covered your ears nor your eyes.
And your lips can reach our lips when they will."

This Week

Three Musical Biographies. Reviewed by *Bruce Simonds.*

"The Pageant of America." Reviewed by *Allan Nevins.*

"The Travels of Marco Polo." Reviewed by *Brooks Shepard.*

"Apostate." Reviewed by *Grace Frank.*

"The Letters of Abelard and Heloise," and "Abelard and Heloise." Reviewed by *Ernest Sutherland Bates.*

"Ashe of Rings." A Review.

"Walls of Glass." Reviewed by *Louis Kronenberger.*

One Who Was With Me. By *Siegfried Sassoon.*

The Bowling Green. By *Christopher Morley.*

Two Books on Mind. Reviewed by *Joseph Jastrow.*

"The Practice of Teaching in the Secondary School." Reviewed by *A. R. Mead.*

Next Week, or Later

Education and Bertrand Russell. By *Henry Noble MacCracken.*

"Show-Boat." Reviewed by *Henry Seidel Canby.*

Suaviter in Modo

By ELMER DAVIS

How was it possible to read an author who never laughed? For it was only below laughter that true tragedy could lie concealed, only the ironic author who could awaken the deeper emotions.

WHEN these reflections of Mrs. Campaspe Lorillard were confided to the public some two or three years ago, they were as the voice of one crying in the wilderness. In those days solemnity was a categorical imperative; to take one's self and everything else seriously was the first and great commandment. It was almost necessary to read authors who never laughed if one were to read at all; for laughter was one of the stigmata of inferiority; an author who indulged in it was unlikely to have much of a sale, and simply could not hope to be counted as an artist.

But now, one ventures to hope, the reading public is growing up. The past year was a vintage season, producing more good American novels than any other three or four seasons in recent memory. There were plenty of gloom books, and good gloom books ("An American Tragedy" and "Manhattan Transfer," to go no farther) but there were also some joy books. Two of these joy books were the best sellers of the season; and most amazingly these best sellers, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" and "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," were highly regarded by the heavy thinkers.

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I do not suppose that most book buyers, or most heavy thinkers, share the distilled tastes of Mrs. Lorillard. Probably most of the readers of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" regarded it merely as a scream; but it is something to have the appetite for an occasional scream legitimized. Even the austere Mencken, whose ordinary taste in fiction seems to run to such worthy but not very exciting products as the constatations of Miss Ruth Suckow, gave Miss Loos's book a *nihil obstat* which must have released thousands of the faithful from the fear that they had committed a mortal sin.

But perhaps it was more than a scream. A distinguished educator lately told me that he had picked it up for an evening of diversion and found it a profound social study. As to that I can offer no opinion; I move in humbler social circles and do not know any sweethearts of members of the Racquet Club. But I rather hope the gentleman is right; if Miss Loos has established the fact that a profound social study need not be embodied in a book of deadly solemnity, she has performed a service to society as great as Mr. Lewis's when he exploded forever the myth of the superior merits of the small town.

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The amazing popularity of Professor Erskine's reinterpretation of Helen is harder to explain. A story has been going the rounds that the publishers enclosed in each copy a return postcard, asking readers who liked the book to write in and tell them why; and that the overwhelming majority of replies set forth as its chief merit the demonstration that even a woman who had sinned could be redeemed by a pure home life. This would explain a good deal if it were true, but unfortunately it seems to be pure invention.

Much of the sale, perhaps, can be credited to the amazingly lucky accident that a copy of the book found its way into the hands of Mr. James A. Still-

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man, with results subsequently chronicled at length in the newspapers. But I suspect more of it is due to the illiteracy of this generation. The family affairs of the Atridae are not the most hilarious topic in history. A tradition fortified by some of the greatest names in literature dictates that they must be treated with proper solemnity. To a classically educated generation, even a cautiously humorous account of these famous tragic figures would seem as sacrilegious as Mr. Rea Irvin's play about Moses at Pharaoh's court would seem to a congregation of Fundamentalists.

But it was Dr. Erskine's luck to be born into a generation in which not more than one reader in a thousand would ever have heard of the classic writers who had handled his material before him, or indeed of any of his characters except Helen. And even about Helen most of his readers would know nothing except that she was beautiful (which I personally doubt; I suspect she merely had a technique). And this illiteracy opens up new prospects for the enterprising historical novelist. It is not only the classic literature that is forgotten; people have quit reading the Bible too. Whenever Dr. Erskine has finished his *arcana historia* of King Arthur's court, he can safely give us the hard-boiled comedy about David and Joab that has been in search of an author for three thousand years.

But after all the most sacred history, to this generation, is current history; the one necessarily solemn theme is Myself and My Exploits (or My Failures, failure under contemporary conditions being regarded by most of the heavy thinkers as more meritorious than success, though few of them seem inclined to try it personally). Probably that has been true of most generations; but previous generations, of readers at any rate, had records of the past available for comparison. They were aware that history had not begun yesterday, that they and their problems were not unique; and this perception gave them that sense of proportion which is the essence of humor.

But the reading public has been enormously enlarged by the universal extension of the rudiments of literacy. Everybody can read, even if only the headlines in the tabloids; so we have an immense reading public which is about ninety per cent illiterate in the sense that it knows nothing of what has been done and thought in the past. And it is obvious that a good deal of the solemnity of recent literature, no less than a good deal of modern political radicalism, is the work of earnest young people who are unaware that they are not the first earnest young people in history.

What does the earnest young person discover, when he or she first begins to take notice? That cognizable phenomena fall into two divisions, Myself and the Universe; further, that while Myself is apt to be eminently satisfactory, the Universe is open to the gravest criticism. This may have been news in the Neanderthal period, but can hardly be so regarded now. But it is news to most of our heavy thinkers. Quite naturally they feel that something ought to be done, or at least said, about it. And it follows that anyone who fails to realize the urgent and immediate duty of taking everything seriously is not merely a light-minded and negligible person; he is a traitor to society. A superior snarl is permissible, but no more.

Well, admittedly the Universe is not very appetizing; but I am unable to perceive that it becomes more appetizing merely because somebody has written a gloomy book about it. More appetizing, certainly, to the author who proceeds to live in opulence on his royalties; and since authors have to eat they can hardly be blamed for taking advantage of a half-baked public which is willing to pay for earnestness and gloom. What the public gets out of it is another matter. In one of our most distinguished reviews, a writer lately praised the honesty of Mr. Galsworthy's "Silver Spoon;" finding the world dull, said the reviewer, Galsworthy dutifully writes a dull book about it. . . . I have not read "The Silver Spoon" and shall never read it now. I do not care whether Galsworthy finds the world dull or not, but before I give up two dollars for one of his books I want some guarantee that he is going to try to mitigate its dulness. But this, I concede, is (or was till lately) an eccentric preference.

The Athenians, in a famous instance, fined one of their authors for reminding them of their misfortunes. When an author does that to us, we make him rich and call him a prophet. Why did the Athenians display such criminal levity? Well, there is a suspicion that Themistocles had put Phrynichus up to remind them of their misfortunes for partisan reasons; leaving aside the political complications of the case, I suspect they fined him because they were perfectly well aware of their misfortunes already, because they could see no easy and immediate solution, and accordingly saw no point in shouting about something that could not be cured by mere noise.

They were not averse to heavy literature, in itself; there is the notable case of Aeschylus. But it is a matter of record that Aeschylus usually embellished his plays with striking spectacles—the retinue of Okeanos, the irruption of the Erinyes—and I suspect he did this precisely to hold the customers who were unable to probe his profundities. He had a high reputation in Athens, but apparently the Athenians admired him as our parents admired Browning and Meredith, without quite knowing what it was all about. However, if an author can handle gloom as well as Aeschylus—or as Dreiser, descending to our own time—three cheers for him; he earns his reputation, and his money. That is a very different matter from the lately current theory that gloom was meritorious in itself and that reluctance to get excited about the state of the universe was criminal negligence.

* * *

Mr. Mencken has been blamed for about everything except the slump of the Giants; but for this late vagary of the reading public I suspect he is justly to be blamed. I gather from his writings that he is not himself a gloomy person, but he is a moralist; as unfailingly as John Roach Straton he inclines to judge an author by his *Weltanschauung;* if a book fails to teach, or at least to imply, what he regards as a good moral lesson, it is not a good book. (Worse, he seems to hold that if its purpose and argument are morally praiseworthy it is a good book, whatever the merit of the execution.) As usual, the doctrines of the prophet have been simplified by his disciples with results that must occasionally be painful to the recipient of the revelation. Mencken has done much good, and would have done more if his devotees had concentrated on trying to write as he does; but most of them have elected the easier task of trying to think as he does. Hence this neo-Puritanism.

It is always possible that the Universe may not be so bad as it is currently regarded. But even if it is (reverting to Mrs. Lorillard's argument) its faults may be admitted without groaning about it. Granted that the face of Nature is dark, I know of no cosmic law which forbids a grin on the face of man. Who is the most bitterly misanthropic of living American writers? Why, that distinguished popular humorist, Mr. Ring Lardner. Jonathan Swift never wrote anything more uncomplimentary about the human race than "A Caddy's Diary." Lardner merely happens to be more mature than most of our current gloom spreaders; he sees no reason to cry over incurably spilt milk; and he has learned that your argument is apt to be more effective if you thrust it in with some little subtlety, that *suaviter in modo* is not necessarily incompatible with *fortiter in re.*

Outside of Lardner's stories, I suppose the bitterest books in American letters are "The High Place" and "The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg," and in each of them the reader, whether or not he sees the underlying trend, gets a laugh on every page. In sixteen books, Mr. Cabell has restated with amazing ingenuity the same old argument—that all is vanity but that there is no point in getting steamed up about it. And probably Cabell, since he has long been a favorite with the *illuminati,* deserves much of the credit for this sudden maturity of the reading public which has flowered in the fabulous profits of Dr. Erskine and Miss Loos. Certainly a reader who has soaked in the doctrine set forth—most recently and most persuasively, though Cabell has been preaching it for years—in Dom Manuel's post-mortem interview with Coth, is pretty well vaccinated against any subsequent attack of earnestness.

This late improvement also offers some hope that we may be spared, in the next few years, such a flood of spiritual autobiographies as has graced the last decade or so. The tendency was natural, given the underlying moral conviction; in an otherwise dull or deceitful universe the one satisfactory, or at least interesting, object was Myself. Hence most writers proceeded to write their own histories, with an enthusiasm which now and then communicated itself to the reader.

For nobody would condemn the spiritual autobiography as such; but it should be judged, like any other book, by the pragmatical test. Not, Does it satisfy the author? but Does it satisfy the reader? Of course it satisfies the author; it deals with the theme in which he is most keenly interested, and it is easy to write. Mr. Gilbert Frankau has lately blamed the vogue of spiritual autobiographies on the laziness of authors; it is much easier to remember, to introspect, than to create. This remark has called forth some derision, but it seems to me eminently sound. Mr. Frankau's own novels are not the most brilliant of creative efforts, and I do not suppose that he pretends that they are; but the mere fact that he is not the greatest of current novelists does not disqualify him from having correct opinions on æsthetics.

It all depends on what is in the spiritual autobiography. It stands to reason that in most cases an author is less interesting than his books; for in his books he can (if he has so much fortitude) select and eliminate and suppress, and shape into proportion; whereas his personality is all there, with all the warts on. Recently the reading public has been passionately interested in personality, warts and all; it has insisted on paying money not only to read spiritual autobiographies but to see the author face to face. In so far as this has enabled novelists to make enough money out of lecturing before women's clubs to spend more laborious care on the writing of novels, it is excellent—for the novelists. One cannot help wondering, however, just what advantages it brought to the reading public. And surely the prudent author would rather be judged by the invented product which is the work of the best that is in him than by the shameless display of all that is in him.

It depends on the author. Dr. Maugham's spiritual autobiography is one of the great books of our time, considerably better than anything else he has written, before or since. I imagine that Mr. Cabell's complete works are his own spiritual autobiography, and few of us would want him to have wasted time on anything else. But in ordinary hands the spiritual autobiography is a delicate matter. I intended for some years to write one myself, but gave it up eventually on the principle that *de minimis non curat lector.* Even such very modest self-abnegation, I am pained to observe, is rare.

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Especially since of late years we have had such a swarm of amateur novelists. Even fifteen years ago the writing of novels was usually approached as a trade that needed learning, that called on its practitioner to scorn delights and live laborious days, that was too onerous to be ordinarily taken up except by someone who meant to make it the chief business of life. Now all the bright boys and girls seem to feel it incumbent on them to write a novel when they leave college, just as they have an affair; not for the pleasure it gives them so much as by way of an announcement of having attained maturity. Naturally these first-and-last novels are autobiographical. Again the pragmatic test; now and then one of these Great Announcers has something to say. Mr. Scott Fitzgerald is an example; but he straightway sat down with unflagging diligence and learned how to say it. But most first novels nowadays are a gesture, and a gesture never repeated. In my not so very remote youth we felt the same impulse, but we usually took it out by going to Europe on a cattle boat. This was easier on the reading public, though it may have been hard on the cattle.

And if, as the popularity of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" and "The Private Life of Helen" seems to suggest, the reading public has at last experienced a change of heart, it will do no harm to the authors. Nobody need give up his convictions as to the faults of the universe; but a great many authors will have to learn, and learn by hard work, to give better value for their money. Ironic serenity is not within the reach of every one, but gloom authors will still survive—if they are good enough. Surely it will work no great harm to American letters to compel an author to thrive on his merits, instead of riding to fame and fortune by the mere accident that he never laughs.

Twenty-five years ago (says an English journal) literary England was startled by the appearance of a surprisingly bright meteor from South Africa—the late Olive Schreiner. Indeed, few books of this century have been talked about so much as her little masterpiece, "The Story of a South African Farm." Now comes the news that her husband has discovered among her papers the MS. of a complete and hitherto unpublished novel, "From Man to Man." It is to be published early in September by Mrs. Schreiner's original publisher, Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

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A Trio of Musicians

THE LITTLE CHRONICLE OF MAGDALENA BACH. By ESTHER MEYNELL. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1925. $2.

ROBERT SCHUMANN. By FREDERICK NIECKS. Edited by Christina Niecks. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1925. $5.

ARNOLD SCHONBERG. By EGON WELLESZ. Translated by W. H. Kerridge. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1926. $2.25.

Reviewed by BRUCE SIMONDS
Yale University

THE early decades of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries, in the persons of Bach, Schumann, and Schönberg, are silhouetted before the readers of these three books. They may not be compared strictly as biographies, since the first is consciously built on fancy as well as on fact and the last quite properly devotes more space to a discussion of Schönberg's music than to his unfinished life. Yet they disclose certain differences in outlook between the three composers, partly determined no doubt by the century in which each appeared.

Esther Meynell's book, "The Chronicle of Magdalena Bach," is an unusually successful example of what may be called imaginative biography. Bach's wife, living out her years of loneliness and poverty after his death, sets down her reminiscences of the great Sebastian, from the time of their first meeting (indeed she sketches his life before that time) to his death in 1750. The book is beautifully done; in with the meagre facts of Bach's life are dexterously woven less authenticated but delightful anecdotes, certainly justified here if anywhere since the intention is to escape from the austerity of an "accurate" portrait to produce a likeness colored more definitely than history would allow, but probably quite faithful in general effect. Not the least successful feature of the book is its sentimentality, the mixture of awe and ardor with which Magdalena regards her relation with genius. Significant too is the intelligence of musical allusion. We are past the days when it would have been considered sufficient in a work of this kind to refer only to the Well-Tempered Clavichord and the St. Matthew Passion. The glimpse given of Bach's incessantly diligent though quiet life is altogether in accordance with tradition and again it is impressed upon us that the eighteenth century, whatever its shortcomings, seemed to urge the artist on to a perfection of detail, a directness of purpose, which gave mere talent a certain authority and made a musicians gifted like Bach with an intense emotional nature, one of the most superbly creative beings that the race has so far had the honor of observing.

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With Frederick Niecks's "Robert Schumann" we turn to more conventional biography. An authority on Chopin, Dr. Niecks had for years gathered materials for this book on Chopin's contemporary; prevented by ill health from finishing the book himself, he discussed it in detail before his death with his wife who has completed the revision and presented us with this valuable "supplementary and corrective" biography. In his attitude toward Schumann, as toward Chopin, Niecks preserves an impersonality which makes this book doubly interesting; we see clearly the whimsical, fickle, irresponsible nature which was Schumann's, the swerving of his mood from "Florestan" to "Eusebius," the exuberance which in later years turned into something perilously like irritability, the dreaminess which became almost morose;—all this clouding the essential kindliness of his inmost self. Schumann lived romanticism. But the absence of hero-worship must sometimes make a sentimental reader wince. Did Schumann really "work" his mother in the effort to drop law for music? It is well known that he was an incorrigible pupil at the piano and finally ruined his hand through an obstinate reliance on short cuts to virtuosity rather than expert guidance. And to all who remember his passionate courtship of Clara Wieck, the multitude of songs and piano pieces poured out in her honor, certain anecdotes of Schumann's later life will be distinctly unpleasant and will decidedly serve to strengthen one's sense of the tragedy of his life. Yet Dr. Niecks upholds his hero staunchly against Mendelssohn, who yields to him in attractiveness. Clara emerges in a curious light; not in regard to her devotion to Robert, but in her intolerant attitude toward contemporaries. There is an acidity in her character which those who have read the letters and seen her through Schumann's eyes never before suspected: but the character gains, nevertheless. One is left with the feeling that the Düsseldorf home was odd, difficult, highly introspective in the fashion so characteristic of the early nineteenth century.

Egon Wellesz's book on Schönberg is distinctly a timely volume to all who have come in contact with the modern composer's music and have recoiled in amazement, wondering what it was all about. Yet to such benighted wanderers the book may prove something of a disappointment. Mr. Wellesz is an ardent disciple of Schönberg; he cites many examples of the beauties which to him are apparent in the music. He would take any trouble to convert the scoffer. Unfortunately his explanations sometimes land him in a certain pedantry; for instance, who but the specialist in harmony cares whether the Gurre-Lieder "theme-chord" be considered as a "six-five chord" or as "an E-flat major and a C major chord, prepared and resolved at the same time." There is too much talk about chords in this book, too little about music as a moving force. Nor does the author make clear the reason for Schönberg's adoption of atonality in his later works, nor the beauty of such atonality. He does indeed attempt to explain Schönberg's theory of dissonance, which starts from the not extraordinary premise that dissonance implies a more remote, more complicated relation to the ground-note than consonance. Therefore there is no distinction between consonance and dissonance! They are no longer

Three rough-looking sailors were dancing.
From "Father's Gone A-Whaling."
By Alice Cushing Gardiner and Nancy Osborne
(Doubleday, Page)

beautiful nor ugly. Unfortunately our poor ears cannot keep pace with this reasoning. It took centuries for our ancestors to enjoy as a consonance a third or a sixth; the normal ear today considers a seventh dissonant and in need of resolution into a concord. To say that in comparison with an octave, a minor second does not seem ugly in sound is simply to close one's ears. And thank goodness this is so, for music without ugliness is as dull as a picture without shadow, as a plan without suspense, as a philosophy which leaves no room for suffering. It is the constant struggle between ugliness and beauty which gives music its extraordinary emotional appeal. Of course, Schönberg, in spite of his theories, cannot escape from this fact: and there are many beautiful pages, especially in his early works, which owe their beauty to the juxtaposition of consonance and dissonance. And the lack of consonance in his later works may partly explain their uniform drabness to the majority of musicians.

Edward J. Clode announces the award of the $2,500 prize in his novel competition, which closed May 1st, to "Mrs. Merivale," by Paul Kimball, of Boston. "Mrs. Merivale" was selected from 6,700 manuscripts and the final judgment in its favor was made by Harry Hansen, literary editor of the New York *World*, and Grant Overton, fiction editor of *Collier's*. "Mrs. Merivale," which is described as a story of the woman whose success other women envy and try to understand, will be published immediately.

America in Pictures

THE PAGEANT OF AMERICA. Edited by RALPH HENRY GABRIEL. Three Additional Volumes. The Epic of Industry, by Malcolm Keir. The American Spirit in Letters, by Stanley Williams. The American Spirit in Architecture, by Talbot Faulkner Hamlin. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1926.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS
Author of "The American States"

IF there were any doubt as to the success of the pictorial history of America which the Yale University Press is gradually bringing out in fifteen volumes, it would be removed by these additions to the series. Each is of fascinating interest to the general reader; each is of genuine value to the specialist and scholar. They have a cumulative effect; and in merely glancing through them, in conjunction with the two volumes previously issued, we obtain a sense of the immense variety, color, eventfulness, and human richness of American life from 1492 to 1926 which no mere text could ever give us. Their evocation of the scope, activity, and picturesqueness of the national past arouses an emotional as well as an intellectual delight. They make of history a panorama, or rather a kaleidoscope, which will stimulate the imagination of the dullest reader.

In such a series some of the authors are necessarily given topics in which the pictures count for everything; others are assigned volumes in which there is an opportunity to make the text count as well. In general there are about 800 illustrations and 40,000 words of letter-press in each book. Obviously, Dr. Williams cannot say anything in a 40,000-word outline of American literature of great freshness or value. He must rely for his effects upon obtaining pictures of originality and illuminating interest—unknown portraits of authors, quaint illustrations from rare editions, title-pages, caricatures, pictures of authors' homes and haunts, and scenes from their books. Mr. Hamlin and Mr. Keir are more fortunate. Not so much has been written about American architecture, not so much has been published upon our industrial history, but that it is still possible to present fresh views and deal with little-known facets of the subject. Neither writer tries to be exhaustive or well-proportioned, but both do offer some material which is not to be found elsewhere.

Architecture is, of course, a subject in which illustrations are of especial value. There is no other work on American architecture which supplies 850 pictures of our notable buildings, from the Fairbanks house at Dedham (1640) to the new Shelton Hotel in New York, or even half so many. The pictures of colonial homes, northern and southern, of the fine examples produced by the early Roman revival at the South and the early Greek influence throughout the country, are a delight. But Mr. Hamlin does not fail to present some horrible examples of pioneer tastelessness, of what he calls the period of Civil War stagnation, and of the mixture of styles which followed it. He has culled from the *Art Journal* of 1879 a picture of an "ideal house" which is as appalling as the "Eastlake interior" of the same period, or the brownstone porches of Victorian-Gothic design which New Yorkers were then building. Special attention is given to the architectural development of the last thirty years, and the layman will be surprised at the wealth of fine buildings—domestic, ecclesiastical, public, educational—here illustrated. Mr. Keir has successfully escaped the danger of producing in his volume a mere commercial or industrial geography of the United States. The heaviest emphasis falls, as it should, upon the period since the Civil War. The chapter on iron and steel, for example, illustrates present-day processes in detail, and devotes as much space to men still living, like Schwab and Gary, as to pioneers like Kelly and Holley. But some of the early chapters, such as the pages on the coming of the colonial artisan—that is, the eighteenth century decay of household manufactures and rise of the specialized mechanic—are telling in their use of quaint prints and museum materials.

Yet it is to Dr. Williams's volume that the ordinary reader will return with the most absorbed interest. It would be hard to praise too warmly the industry shown in seeking fresh pictures to illustrate our literary history, or the skill in arranging them. Few are hackneyed. These old *carte de visite* photographs of authors—Halleck, with bald brow, stern, age-worn visage, and grim beard be-

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neath a grimmer mouth; N. P. Willis, in tired, dissipated looking middle age; Bryant, with his Puritanic, ascetic look, half poet and half Yankee farmer in aspect; Lowell, in a forest of shaggy beard and bright checked trousers—are all novel. Foreign materials are frequently used. French and English illustrations of Poe's tales, like Aubrey Beardsley's macabre drawing for "The Back Cat;" Max Beerbohm's cartoon of Walt Whitman; a caricature of Holmes from London *Vanity Fair*, are typical. In nearly every page in the latter half of the volume we are arrested by some picture quite new to us, and yet so effective that it ought to be well known. Among these are the photograph of Greeley in shirt-sleeves, axe in hand, among the woods at Chappaqua, of Emerson and Holmes sitting together on Boston Commons, of the dinner to Howells on his seventy-fifth birthday; of the boy Henry James, in cadet jacket, with his hand on the shoulder of his seated father; and of Eugene Field, Riley, and Bill Nye posing together. Much use is made of interesting title-pages, of characteristic illustrations by early American artists, and of photographs of places famous in literary history. The chatty, informative text helps to make it a fascinating volume.

The Great Traveller

THE TRAVELS OF MARCO POLO, THE VENETIAN. Revised from Marsden's Translation, with an introduction by Manuel Komroff. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1926. $3.50.

Beviewed by BROOKS SHEPARD

DURING the centuries when Marco Polo was widely disbelieved, he was rather widely read, for much the same reason that Baron Munchausen was widely read. If he was a liar, he lied gorgeously and in detail. The discoveries of the last half century indicate that Marco Polo told the truth, and public interest in him has waned and dwindled. A few people read the Everyman Edition, with its curious omissions, expurgations, and inaccuracies. They read it, not because they are interested in geography or anthropology, but because they enjoy the flavor of mediæval love-of-wonders, much of which Marsden retained in his original translation from the old Italian. Those who can afford it buy the more expensive Yule translation, published in two volumes by (I believe) Harpers. It is somewhat more awkwardly phrased than the Marsden translation, having passed through French hands on its way to English, but it, too savors of mediæval buoyancy and simplicity, and is delightful to read. It belongs in that small panelled study which all Americans dream of building, with the panelled walls, the fireplace, the red carpet, and the ceiling-high bookshelves; and it should be placed close to that superb gossip Herodotus, of the thousand garrulities.

In the present edition, Manuel Komroff has attempted to combine the merits of the other two. In some respects he has succeeded, and the new book is not expensive. In one respect he has succeeded less well, as will be indicated later.

* * *

Marco Polo was born in Venice in 1254, the son of rich but honest parents. When he was a small child, his father and his father's brother, Nicolo and Maffeo Polo, embarked eastward upon a trading expedition which carried them eventually to the court of the great Kublai Khan, emperor of practically all Asia. Kublai showed them great kindness, and becoming interested in Christianity, asked them to return to Italy and convey his compliments to the Pope, with a request that his Holiness send a hundred learned men to convert China to Christianity. Instead of this, the Pope sent two ignorant Dominican friars, who deserted the expedition before it was fairly under way.

The two Polos proceeded eastward to carry the apologies of Christendom to the Emperor of Asia. Young Marco accompanied them. He was now nearly twenty years of age. Kublai Khan received them graciously, and seemed to harbor no ill will at the rebuff tendered by the Pope, although he appears to have entertained some reservations as to Christian zeal. He took a great liking to Marco Polo, and began presently to employ him as an emissary on diplomatic and economic missions, which carried him into every nook and corner of Kublai's great empire.

Years later, a prisoner of war in Genoa, Marco Polo wrote his book of memoirs. It was received with frank incredulity. Black stones mined out of a hillside and used as fuel? Absurd! Paper money? Who would exchange valuable goods for a piece of paper? Marco Polo's story was no doubt weakened by the occasional bouyancy of his hyperbole, as in describing a country which lies "so far to the north that the North Star appears to be behind you," and in asseverating that the rhinocerus attacks, not with his horn, but with his horribly spiked tongue. These things, however, Marco Polo appears to have gleaned at second hand from enthusiastic travellers. What he actually saw he described as accurately as a lively imagination permitted him. He was disbelieved because the culture of mediæval Asia was in most respects far superior to that of mediæval Europe, and consequently incredible.

Marco Polo was not a student. He was a keen observer, but what he saw he accepted without inquiry into its cause. His mind was photographic rather than analytical. He was curiously conventional. The people of Kun-Kin, he said, were idolators. That was that. But so were his countrymen, had he thought about it. The thirteenth century Venetian revered images to a degree which would be considered indecent by a modern Catholic. It never occurred to Marco Polo that the idols of Kun-Kin might have represented an Idea. The customs of other peoples he compared with those of Venice, and pronounced Good or Bad. That they could have been bad for Venice and at the same time good for China never occurred to him. The modern reader, accustomed to the subjective and analytical mood of travel writing, finds Marco Polo's naiveté fresh and delightful.

* * *

Strange also to the modern reader is his total blindness to natural beauty. We know that nature-worship in the æsthetic sense is a recent cult, but we are a little startled by the complete absence of even casual appreciations. Hundreds of times Marco Polo must have seen dawn mantle the colossal peaks of Afghanistan and Thibet; he mentions the minerals these mountains contain, and the discomforts of travel, and is done with them. "Upon leaving the island of Java, and steering a course between south and southwest, seven hundred miles, you arrive at two islands. The larger is named Sondur, and the other Kondur. Both being uninhabited, it is unnecessary to say more respecting them." True to his conventions, Marco Polo abhorred a wilderness, and saw no good in it.

To the ethnologist, his book is a gold mine of suggestion. He presents the customs and the peoples of mediæval Asia at the zenith of her culture and power, and while his observations were superficial they ranged over the length and breadth of the empire. To the general reader he presents the delightful spectacle of a commercial traveller, bigotted and half-educated but with a salesman's push, selling himself into the household of the Emperor of the East.

In this edition, with its admirable preface, Manuel Komroff has attempted to please both the ethnologist and the general reader. Marsden's translation (1818), republished in the Everyman's Library, is excellently written, but full of errors. Yule's translation from the text of the French Geographic Society (1824) is accurate but uncouth. Komroff has corrected Marsden's mistakes with the aid of Yule, omitting cumbersome notes and adding material from the French text; but he has retained many of Marsden's flowing periods.

He has also removed all archaisms from the text and substituted modern words in good journalese style.

In combining accuracy with readability he has rendered a signal service. But in attempting modernity of word and phrase he has damaged his work. It is always arguable, of course, whether archaisms should be perpetuated, and an edition of the Bible in good newspaper English is now available, and, perhaps, widely read. It is perhaps merely silly to enjoy the flavor of the older words. But the older words, to those who know them, convey a sense of time, place, way of thinking, culture. They mean more than they say, and their nuances cannot be translated into modern English because their nuances do not exist in so-called "equivalent" modern words. Marco Polo is cheapened when compelled to express himself in newspaper prose. I see that I have described him as "a commercial traveller, bigotted and half educated." He was a great deal more than this; but one is a little annoyed by the modern cockiness of his speech!

In summary, the Komroff edition is complete and thoroughly intelligible. It is not cumbered with tiresome notes. Its preface is an admirable piece of biographical and historical writing. But a constant dissonance exists between mediæval viewpoint and twentieth century phrasing, so that the book scarcely belongs in the panelled study, flanked by Herodotus and the "Compleat Angler." Rather, its place is with Frazer's "Golden Bough."

A Voyage of Rediscovery

APOSTATE. By FORREST REID. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1926. $4.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

THERE is a temptation when one comes upon a perfect thing like Forrest Reid's "voyage of rediscovery"—a pleasanter phrase than his publisher's "spiritual autobiography"—to speak softly of its merits. They are not for everyone in any event and the overemphasis of praise is especially dangerous in the case of a book that is quiet in mood and exceptionally delicate in its apperceptions. Let it merely be said then that within its unambitious design—we leave the hero before his eighteenth birthday—this personal narrative captures some of the most evanescent realities of youthful dreams and holds them fast in a mellow prose so simple and direct as almost to conceal its artistry.

Mr. Reid's subtle blending of the casual incidents of his boyhood with their reactions upon his developing personality is accomplished without the aid of the newer psychology. We have had a goodly number of portraits of the artist as a young man, and it must be confessed that the title of this volume awakened unpleasant anticipations of another encounter with the soiled subconsciousness and sophomoric heroics of a rebel devil-ridden by the notion that he alone was at war with the universe. But the author stresses the apostacy of his young hero only indirectly, bringing it into low relief against a background of minor experiences so little abnormal that they might have been the reader's own. (Indeed dim shadows of the past suddenly come alive on many a page and more than one reader will cherish the substance that takes shape here for the most personal of reasons).

It is the interweaving of these adventures with their subjective significance that has been so charmingly and dextrously indicated. We slip almost imperceptibly from the boy's everyday life in Belfast, his love for his kindly old nurse, his fear of the dark landing, his inarticulate rudeness to the snobbish and patronizing woman who tried to draw him out, his initiation into the secrets of sex by the nice, politely mannered companion of his mother's choice, his friendship for the attractive but disappointing Alan—we slip from all these, with no sense of transition, into the world of dreams that so disquietingly enticed and eluded him. And yet there is nothing sentimental about the book. Mr. Reid holds no brief for his hero and treats him throughout with delightfully candid and humorous detachment. We fully realize why he was "that odious boy" to the elder sister who broke the point of her pencil in marking his "thoughts for conduct."

To readers of "The Spring Song" and "Pirates of the Spring" it will hardly be necessary to say more. The same captivating insight into small boys' thoughts and feelings is here, the same rare sensitiveness to the moods of childhood and to the awakening desires of adolescence. Without plot, though there is enough movement to make one eager for a sequel, and with few characters, though all of them are beguilingly alive, this is a book that will be a source of much quiet pleasure to those who rejoice in distinguished and imaginative writing.

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An Immortal Love Story

THE LETTERS OF ABELARD AND HELOISE. Translated from the Latin by C. K. Scott Moncrieff. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926. $3.

HELOISE AND ABELARD. By George Moore. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1925. 2 vols. $5.

Reviewed by Ernest Sutherland Bates

IT is a kind providence that brings us within a single twelve-month an exquisite English version of the Letters of Abelard and Heloise—Mr. Scott Moncrieff proves himself as accomplished a translator of mediæval Latin as of other tongues—and an edition of George Moore's masterpiece at last within reach of the slender purses which too often accompany the appreciation of literary beauty. The one work completes the other, for Mr. Moore, with fine tact, ended his tale where the Letters begin, the last words of his second volume reading: "But it would be vain indeed to record their lives and their talk further, for the rest of their lives and their speech are on record." Thus the story is now all before us, its rapturous beginning seen through the eyes of a great novelist, and its autumnal close recorded by the actors themselves through the medium of an admirable translator.

The Letters consist of "The History of the Calamities of Abelard," purporting to be written by him to an anonymous friend, three letters from Heloise to Abelard, and four from Abelard to Heloise. In the first the account of Abelard's emotions after his mutilation is probably spurious, but there is little reason to doubt the authenticity of the others. In them, Heloise certainly appears as a far more moving and human figure than her master. It is interesting to compare the most famous passage from her letters with what Pope made of it in his once-famous "Eloisa to Abelard."

First, mediæval passion:

> . . . . . "And if the name of wife appears more sacred and more valid, sweeter to me is ever the word friend, or, if thou be not ashamed, concubine or whore. To wit that the more I humbled myself before thee the fuller grace I might obtain from thee, and so also damage less the fame of thine excellence. And thou thyself wert not wholly unmindful of that kindness in the letter of which I have spoken, written to thy friend for his comfort. Wherein thou has not disdained to set forth sundry reasons by which I tried to dissuade thee from our marriage, from an ill-starred bed; but wert silent as to many, in which I preferred love to wedlock, freedom to a bond. I call God to witness, if Augustus, ruling over the whole world, were to deem me worthy of the honor of marriage, and to confirm the whole world to me, to be ruled by me for ever, dearer to me and of greater dignity would it seem to be called thy strumpet than his empress.

And now, eighteenth century rhetoric:

> How oft, when press'd to marriage, have I said,
> Curse on all laws but those which love has made?
> Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
> Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
> Let wealth, let honor, wait the wedded dame,
> August her deed, and sacred be her fame;
> Before true passion all those views remove;
> Fame, wealth, and honor! What are you to Love?
> The jealous god, when we profane his fires,
> Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
> And bids them make mistaken mortal groan,
> Who eek in love for aught but love alone.
> Should at my feet the world's great master fall,
> Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn 'em all;
> Nor Caesar's empress would I deign to prove;
> No, make me mistress to the man I love.

The real Heloise is a mediæval individualist, centered in her ideal of personal integrity and the well-being of the man she loves, the two of them sufficing for her sole reality. The Heloise of Pope is a modern individualist, a Greenwich Village *poseur* before her time, preaching a gospel of free love to all who can be induced to come and listen. The former writes so intimately that it seems half to be doing her a wrong to read or quote the words, even in her honor. The latter prates publicly, with much gabble about passion that she has never known. The one is anguished and ecstatic truth, the other frigid fiction.

Small wonder that Mr. Scott Moncrieff has fallen in love with his heroine to such an extent that he is jealous of his somewhat pedantic rival and vents his spleen in a Dedicatory Letter to George Moore in which he calls Abelard "an intolerable old egoist," "a middle-aged prig," and "a querulous craven"—for which he is properly brought to book by Mr. Moore in the latter's reply. After all, Heloise was now a nun, and her continued cherishing of an Abelard complex was good neither for her body nor her soul, which the philosopher perceiving, he guided her into the paths of sublimation as skilfully as any modern psychoanalyst could have done. As Mr. Moore so tersely puts it in his novel, "Abelard believed in heaven, therefore Heloise believed." Belief in heaven brought her a serenity that could never have been obtained while continually dwelling in passionate memories. And there is more. The last two letters of Abelard, one hundred and thirty pages long and consisting of detailed information and most sensible advice on the origin and government of nuns, are as touching in their way as any of Heloise's outbursts when we see behind the tedious words the writer, striving so earnestly and laboriously to interest the woman he loved in the one way of life that now remained to her.

Of the youthful Abelard, indeed, the singer and the poet, there is here no sign. For him we must go to Mr. George Moore, who gives him to us not as he temporally was but *sub specie aeternitatis*, a radiant figure in the immortal spring-time of literature. It is perhaps a pity that Mr. Moore could not have more nearly united the two Abelards, the historical character and the creation of his own fancy. Few realize better than he the greatness of Abelard as a philosopher, a greatness that begins to be more widely recognized since the recent publication by Geyer of his multitudinous writings. To get at the mind of Abelard as well as his heart, as, say, a Merezkhovsky might have done, would surely have been worth while. How then could Mr. Moore bring himself to put into the mouth of this child of the Catholic eleventh century the following twentieth century Protestant discourse?

> It was four hundred years later . . . that man leaped, as it were, into a new existence, about six hundred years before the coming of Christ, that man broke at least one of the links that attached him to the animal, and rose to higher state than before: Buddha appeared in India, Confucius in China, a little later Plato and Aristotle in Greece. All these were inspired, and all these prepared the world to receive the great revelation that was to come to the Apostles from Jesus Christ himself in Palestine. . . .

Men, dates, and sentiments Abelard never knew, worlds asunder from his mediæval mind—how *could* Mr. Moore do it? To forget his hero's concrete personality and turn him even for the nonce into a mere mouthpiece of modern liberalism—that sort of thing is permissible in a Bernard Shaw who strives to depict the type but out of keeping in a George Moore who usually labors so meticulously to delineate the individual.

To find the real mediæval Abelard one must go to Henry Adams, not to George Moore. But for one reader who prefers philosophy to love there are hundreds, including most philosophers themselves, who with Mr. Moore prefer love to philosophy. For these, through many years to come, and perhaps for all time—who knows?—the tale of Heloise and Abelard according to George Moore will rank among the great love stories of the world. Their saga is no longer a vague memory haunting the mausoleum in Père la Chaise but is lastingly enshrined in literature, hard by the tombs of Deirdre, Iseult, and Francesca.

The Story of a Family

ASHE OF RINGS. By Mary Butts. New York: Albert & Charles Boni. 1926.

HERE is a most unusual talent losing itself from time to time through an intensity brought to the breaking point, a most unusual method sacrificing to subtlety a certain clearness of pattern. "Ashe of Rings" makes its appeal to connoisseurs—it is certainly no book for casual readers—but will not quite satisfy them. It tells the story of a family, inheritors of a strange and mystic estate in Sussex, whose modern lives are lived in all their immediacy and directness beneath the shadow of a mystic ritual. Thus the lives of these almost too plain-spoken people are touched by a mysterious unspoken power of tradition, a power something like destiny and in its literary significance not entirely clear. On the one hand the estate at Rings is a defense and refuge, on the other a danger and doom. It is a portentous thing, whose imaginative and disturbing quality is conveyed in part by the famous line from Coleridge, "Ancestral voices prophesying war."

In her early chapters, which take place at Rings, Miss Butts establishes her atmosphere. There is the estate itself, there is brilliant and rather malevolent old Anthony Ashe, there is the woman Melitta whom he marries in order to have an heir. First a daughter Vanna is born, then his wife is detected in an affair with her neighbor, then old Anthony dies and his son Valentine is born posthumously. A gap of years follows, and we are in wartime London watching a triangular affair composed of Vanna, a Russian named Serge, and Judy Marston. In Judy Miss Butts has drawn as vivid a sadist (in the old novel she would simply have been a villain) as one is likely to meet. The story returns at length to Rings. There it dissolves itself in a series of scenes, some of them having a naked candor between people that is far more than ordinary "reality," others appearing almost meaningless—inchoate and bewildering.

"Ashe of Rings" sometimes suggests the Lawrence of "Women in Love." There is the same lyrical writing and consciousness of beauty; there is the same stripped reality side by side with a turbid guesswork of motive and action; there is something of the same perverted types of humanity. But "Ashe of Rings" has also the unique element of Rings. It works a spell as seductive in one sense as it is unconvincing in another. One is seldom dominated by the mysticism of the book, for Miss Butts is not a perfect sorceress, but one is often charmed by the pure virtuousity of her attempts. She writes like a genuine poet. Occasionally her words and phrases seem forced, but much oftener they have a freshness, a vividness, a precision which deserve high praise. She is almost as precise and pictorial as Elinor Wylie, with a fluid mystic touch to boot. As for what she has to say, we doubt whether any one can define the exact purpose or meaning of "Ashe of Rings." For the archetectonics of the novel as a whole, Miss Butts does not seem quite ready. Her fragments, beautiful, eerie, and vivid by turn, do not cohere. But as fragments they are unquestionably fine.

A Long Lane

WALLS OF GLASS. By Larry Barretto. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by Louis Kronenberger

IN "A Conqueror Passes" Mr. Barretto had something to say, and he has said it well. In "Walls of Glass" he has less to say, and he says it less well. It is the work of a story-teller who gives you something to read. It is not the work of an uncompromising analyst of motive and action and character. Whatever else Mr. Barretto has done in this novel, and one can say at once that he has written it with skill and compactness, he has not translated into literature the values of life.

Overtly there is nothing melodramatic in "Walls of Glass," nothing sentimental, nothing inharmonious; yet it simply does not convince you. Nobody in the book acts as people do not act, but the very inevitably of their actions has something about it which seems prearranged, specious. It is all too neat a sequence of dilemmas and their subsequent compromises and solutions. In a word, it is a plot; and Mr. Barretto has built up a better plot than he has a case. Let me tell something of the story. Sophy Deming is a young widow with a little boy who has struggled to make ends meet and is confronted with disaster. The only way out is to live with a man who, because he has an insane wife alive, cannot marry her; and for her own sake and her boy's, though she does not love Martin Greer, she takes it. Later she meets in Alan Craig a man she does love, a man who wants to marry her. This time for the sake of her boy's future, she remains with Greer. All these years she has concealed from Joel the secret of his mother's status; and it is only after Greer's death, when a stranger to him who turns out to be Craig tells the story of his life, that he finds out the truth. Its only consequence is that Sophy and Craig are united and married.

To say that no matter how things would have happened, they would not have happened as Mr. Barretto lets them, is perhaps not constructive criticism; but it is the inescapable feeling with which "Walls of Glass" leaves one. On every count, of course, the truth must be conveyed to Joe, but could Mr. Baretto have found a clumsier, less credible way to tell it than by means of so wretched a coincidence that it makes one ready to cry out in protest? And to have this manufactured situation the prologue to a reunion of Sophy and Craig after fifteen years of complete separation makes the reader close the book with impatient disbelief in Mr. Barretto's artistic perceptions. In life

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the fact that the world is a small place after all is merely bromidic; in art it is disastrous.

But "Walls of Glass" is disappointing for more than its *dénoûement*. Any story, not matter how well told, lacks fibre and meaning if its characters are not real. That, essentially, is the all-inclusive weakness of this one, and the reason why its ending proves less a let-down than a confirmation. The plot here simply dominates the characters, making its own necessities become theirs. None of them carries any warmth or emotional conviction; Sophy fails to live; Greer changes his spots; Joel is not even characterized, a shocking omission in view of the fact that to judge his actions when he learns about his mother, one must know beforehand what he is like. And the important scenes between these people never for a moment open up corridors of temperament and emotion.

As narrative "Walls of Glass" is thoroughly professional, and the skill of the story-teller is frequently apparent. But that such praise should be the most one can offer Mr. Barretto seems a pity when one thinks of the promise he seemed to show. He gains nothing as a writer from this latest book of his. Beyond any doubt—it will sell; but it will not survive.

One Who Was With Me

By Siegfried Sassoon*

IT was too long ago—that Company which we served with . . .
We call it back in visual fragments, you and I,
Who seem, ourselves, like relics casually preserved, with
Our mindfulness of old bombardments when the sky
With blundering din blinked cavernous.
Yet a sense of power
Invades us when, recapturing an ungodly hour
Of ante-zero crisis, in one thought we've met
To stand in some redoubt of Time,— to share again
All but the actual wetness of the flare-lit rain,
All but the living presences who haunt us yet
With gloom-patrolling eyes.
Remembering, we forget
Much that was monstrous, much that clogged our souls with clay
When hours were guides who led us by the longest way—
And when the worst had been endured could still disclose
Another worst to thwart us. . . .
We forget our fear . . .
And, while the uncouth Event begins to lour less near,
Discern the mad magnificence whose storm-light throws
Wild shadows on these after-thoughts that send your brain
Back beyond Peace, exploring sunken ruinous roads.
Your brain, with files of flitting forms hump-backed with loads,
On its own helmet hears the tinkling drops of rain,—
Follows to an end some night-relief, and strangely sees
The quiet no-man's-land of day-break, jagg'd with trees
That loom like giant Germans . . .
I'll go with you, then,
Since you must play this game of ghosts. At listening posts
We'll peer across dim craters; joke with jaded men
Whose names we've long forgotten. (Stoop low here; it's the place
The sniper enfilades.) Round the next bay you'll meet
A drenched platoon-commander; chilled, he drums his feet
On squelching duck-boards; winds his wrist-watch; turns his head,
And shows you how you looked,—your ten-years-vanished face
Hoping the War will end next week . . .
What's that you said?

*This poem appeared in the issue of the *New Statesman* for May 22, 1926, over the pseudonym of Sigma Sashun.

The Bowling Green

Precis of a Journey. II.

IT surprises me that so few Americans take the comfortable and uncrowded route to Northern Ireland for a spring holiday. Ourselves (we were four) were the only passengers getting off at Moville merely to pursue the picturesque. Unlike arrival in England or France there is no special train waiting for you and all manner of calculated exploitation. You get into the tender *Cynthia*, where practically all others are homing Irish who tell you they haven't been back for thirty years; and you steam gently up lovely Lough Foyle for a couple of hours. That sort of approach gives you a happy sense of spaciousness. Green slopes of Ireland, waterside garden privacies, gorse-bright knolls and blue remoteness are already part of your mood when you reach Derry in the warm forenoon just as the children in white stockings are on their way to church. The town is at ease in Sunday morning hush, it had no idea you were coming. Two old women with black shawls over their heads, two idlers smoking on the pier bollards, these (beside the porters and agents who are there of necessity) are all who think it worth while to attend. *Cynthia* slides gently past the wharves and you read the signs on warehouses with that eager attention given to the shabbiest random affiche on strange soil.

The little Metropole Hotel, a cheerful commercial house, is just round the corner from the quay, and we walked there in a strong blaze of sun. A tiny Irish maid in black uniform and bobbed hair was shyly waiting at the door to escort us upstairs. She gave me my first suspicion, confirmed afterward by further observation, that the legend of Irish comeliness is not just legend. Never have I seen so many strangely beautiful girls, beautiful with a touch of queer feyness, like their countryside. Tom and I, though inordinately weary, set off for the preliminary stroll without which one cannot be at ease in new scenes. The very first thing you see in Derry is posters of O. Henry (quite naturally they print it O'Henry) comedies at the cinema. The lure of the West, begun by the movies, is followed up by the Anchor-Donaldson Line suggestion: "To Canada for £3 to Approved Settlers." We loitered on the Foyle bridge watching the children trooping back from Sunday school. It was odd, in that peacefulness, to see them bustling regardlessly by two legends painted large on the rampart—"The spirit of 1688-90 is still as strong as ever" and "No peace this side the grave for the murderers." Such ejaculations are often to be found scrawled on walls and boardings in Irish storm centers; yet I think one must not take them too seriously now, for the outstanding impression I had was that bitterness has very greatly subsided and that the Irish have settled down to work. We were struck by the rather gruesome coat of arms of Londonderry, cast in the iron gunwale of the bridge: a very discouraged looking skeleton sitting wearily outside a fortress; a memory, no doubt, of the famous siege.

* * *

A columnist would indeed be derelict who did not pause long enough in Derry to see St. Columb's cathedral; though a late breakfast and a nap were our chief needs. And by mid-afternoon you can be far out in the mountains of Donegal, among primroses, skylarks and cuckoos. I am not mentioning the name of the salmon-fishing inn near Lough Swilly where we spent our first night. If it became too well-known it would lose its perfect flavor of Somerville and Ross. That evening (it was early June) the birds sang until eleven o'clock, and were at it again soon after three. In the whitewashed village street (in some respects more like a French village than an English) we picked up what we thought at first must be a fairy horse-shoe, a tiny curve of iron, rusted and worn thin. We supposed it to be a shoe cast by one of their innumerable miniature donkeys; but it proved to be a thrifty heel-plate from a youngster's boot. Anyhow we kept it as souvenir. So is the commonest unregarded jetsam of one civilization trove and talisman for the stranger. It is not necessarily the stained glass and the rare wine that one is looking for abroad. Do I call for champagne as soon as I get aboard ship? Not so: almost any banker on the North Shore of Long Island can give you that surcharged and overrated fluid. I order gin-and-ginger-beer.

In Derry we had been promised (in a voice of extreme concession) "a Buick touring car." But the vehicle, when it quavered to the Metropole, proved to be one of the most ancient of Henry's stepchildren. Our elderly driver asserted that the Buick (evidently a well-known chariot in the town) had been suddenly and unexpectedly commandeered by the Bishop of Derry: an explanation so charming, whether true or false, that we acquiesced instantly. The old Ford taxi, though abrasive to the knees for a party of four, was admirable for our purpose. The very informal Irish Free State customs post, camped in a shack a few miles out of Derry, gave us no difficulty. Not far from Letterkenny a happy puncture stranded us some time by the way, and there was silence to hear larks and watch a tumbling brook. Had we had nothing else but that Sunday afternoon ride to Milford our voyage would have been worth while: the great spread of hill and valley, the white road between spiky hawthorns, the country girls bicycling with fluttered skirts. What miseries of homesickness they must suffer for that exquisite landscape when they go to work in New York or Philadelphia—or are movies and ice cream sodas sufficient anodyne? And so I have a suggestion to any time-scanted kinsprit who wants a vacation in which he will see none of the things that the Miss Spences know all about but plenty that will do the heart good. Let him get aboard an Anchor Line ship, get off at Moville, and take the same ship back again when she stops at Moville on her return voyage. He will have a week to explore Donegal or Antrim, where he will be imbedded in loveliness like a comma living in one of Moira O'Neill's poems. He will hear the cuckoo holding up its tuning fork to the unheard melodies of earth. He will learn what a peat bog looks like; see the green light eddy in those surfy limestone sheers near Dunluce; observe Nature at her uproariously intricate scheming in the Giant's Causeway. If you ever supposed that she works just haphazard, the Causeway will disprove it to you. She has a plan of campaign all thought out, just as carefully as Nicholas Murray Butler. Five-sided polygons evidently have something to do with it; but you can sit on those basalt pedestals (she has concaved some of them just exactly to the sedentary norm) and figure it out. "The meanin' of it is," the battered guide kept beginning, but I'm afraid we gave him a sore shock. We were the only people causewaying, and he was looking forward to a grand old spiel. "How much is it worth to you to let us see this alone?" I said to him. He looked at us bewildered, a stricken brightness in his eyes. We gave him half a crown to leave us, and he went off congested with his automatic rigmarole. It was brutal, yet necessary if we were to have peace in that stunning wilderness of solid geometry. As I suggested to Tom, who is a professional lecturer of huge renown, Suppose you went to Notre Dame University for your annual affair; and they met you at the train and said "Here's your check but we'd rather not have the lecture."

One of the quaintnesses of the Causeway, at any rate after a wet night, is the great number of snails going about their tranquil business. One of these, we reckoned by taking cross-bearings on his progress, would just be under an overhanging boulder about the time it was ready to fall. So we removed him several yards; though this troubled Tom who said we had set the earnest cochlea at least a hundred years back in his schedule.

Christopher Morley.

The Jesuit Order has started a new quarterly called "Thought," a title which indicates rather clearly the nature of its contents. The magazine will be edited by members of the Society of Jesus in the United States and is intended to be a review of current thought and modern problems, and a clearing house for scholarly work. It will carry articles of sustained and thoughtful character presenting the subject in an analytical and constructive manner. In appealing to the learned, both Catholic and Non-Catholic, the Editors hope to show the intellectual bases of religion and to treat of all other topics in which they might find interest. The board of editors comprises men of known ability in their specialties, many of them internationally known. The Editor-in-chief is Wilfrid Parsons, Editor of *America*; and the Managing Editor is Francis P. LeBuffe, Dean of Fordham School of Social Service.

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Books of Special Interest

Looking at Mind

MIND AND ITS PLACE IN NATURE. By DURANT DRAKE. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1925. $2.

LIFE, MIND, AND SPIRIT. By C. LLOYD MORGAN. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1926. $3.75.

Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW
University of Wisconsin

THE psychologist, though tenacious of his domain, welcomes the contributions of congenially related disciplines. Only the student deeply and technically interested in the ultimate conceptions underlying the world of mind would venture to follow either philosopher or biologist in his excursions; for such, both essays are helpful, distinctive, independent. The common-sense view—what Professor Morgan calls the "Plain Tale of Behavior"—receives sanction from both sources. Professor Drake is a realist and finds the clue of his realism at once in the realities of the physical world, and the equally valid realities of consciousness. He calls the doctrine critical realism, in that it reaches the conclusions of the man on the street, not by acceptance of appearance for royalty—such as made the sun revolve about the earth—but by re-establishing critically as veridical the facts of nature and the facts of mind.

To this end must be cleared away the naive assumptions and false interpretations as to what is due to things and what to our minds is the only way we have of getting at things, and yet there emerges as restored the pragmatic faith that is adequate for practical undertakings, but needs what is called epistomological buttressing to support the roof of ultimates that cover existence and knowledge. In following the argument the lay reader finds more difficulty in understanding what the banners and the symbols they carry mean, than to take sides once the issue is made plain; perhaps also a like difficulty in understanding why one should get so absorbed in the technique of deciphering the message, when its face-value acceptance would dispense with much philosophical labor.

So far as their orbits of inquiry overlap, philosopher and biologist are in fair agreement. To Professor Drake consciousness "is the finest flower of evolution, the only thing in the world that has intrinsic worth." To Professor Morgan equally, consciousness is the inherent, indispensable, and in its issues the "divine purpose" of life itself,—the consummatory product of "emergent evolution." But Professor Morgan's major task is to make plain—and from the observer's and experimentalist's approach—the several stages of ascending advance by which behavior, from amoeba to man, assumed its characteristic psychic complications. It is obvious that both thinkers reject the "behaviorists" (Professor Morgan calls him the radical behaviorist) solution as a brusque ignoring or ingenious evasion of all the essential points of issue. After you have cut Gordianwise the knots of the tangle (by holding them fictitious) there is no difficulty in solution. But Professor Morgan—perhaps with greater reliance on logical distinctions than is common among students of behavior of whatever camp—sets forth how "reference" to the object-world, "guidance" by "foretaste," and imaginative design, first on the sensory, then on the "cognitive," then on the "reflective level, and throughout proceeding upon the affective factor, the "enjoyment" which is nature's lure,—all successively "emerge" and make the world of mind.

It is to him a two-story tale, a life-story and a mind-story; and their coalescence demonstrates emergent evolution as the key to the universe, of thought and things alike. In fact it is a three-story tale,—though Professor Morgan does not consider it, and declines to use the purposive or hormic principle (of MacDougall); yet it is the "spirit" of the trinitarian title that the biologist advocates (not dogmatically, for he realizes that he does not carry the majority of his fellow-biologists with him) and justifies as the theme of the Gifford lectures for 1923. He thus concludes that truth value coincides with æsthetic and spiritual value in so far as the story of life and mind require for their fulfilment the story of spirit. Controversial as are all such attempts to state with large and tentative assumptions the arguments for the faith that is in us as to the kind of a world in which we live bodily and mentally, they will always attract deeply reflective minds; the modernity of their solution lies in the increasing recognition of the refined data of science as the only authentic guides to speculation.

The Human R. L. S.

R. L. S. AND HIS SINE QUA NON. By "The Gamekeeper" (ADELAIDE A. BOODLE). New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1926. $1.50.

IN reading these reminiscences of Stevenson and his wife by one who knew them at Skerryvore, one perceives why John Steuart and more recently George S. Hellman were justified in calling public attention to more human and erring aspects of both R. L. S. and Fanny Stevenson than are generally known. Here is all too palpable a page toward the making of what Mr. Hellman called the Stevenson legend; it is a trivial and undiscriminating piece of hero-worship. For a sensitive reader this book does just the reverse of what it obviously hoped to do. It irritates.

That Miss Boodle is sincere, and that she puts down what is true, no one will doubt. But the very truth, when regarded with a critical rather than an adoring eye, is its own give-away. Some of the truth is faintly ridiculous and for that reason it would be foolish to judge it with too much seriousness. The pictures of Stevenson teaching Miss Boodle how to write, making her play the sedulous ape he himself considered the one apprenticeship to letters, and prescribing a series of literary Don'ts which she swallowed whole, are more amusing than damaging. In a sense, Stevenson survives them. But the pictures of Fanny Stevenson, who for all Miss Boodle's admiration emerges as officious and militant, are more damaging than amusing; and they are fresh if unwilling proof of Mr. Hellman's contentions about her in "The True Stevenson." Could there have been, to say no more, any one so humorless as Fanny—Fanny who, when R. L. S. and a couple of other men were gossiping with mild wit about an absent friend, went into a sudden rage, crying out "Are they men?" "Are they Christians?" "Have they no shame?"

One doubts whether Stevenson succeeded in teaching Miss Boodle how to write and one doubts whether Fanny Stevenson, vigilant nurse and valiant warrior that she was, really was her husband's "sine qua non." Without wishing to be cheaply cynical, one wonders whether she was not his alter ego. Miss Boodle, for one reader at least, has weakened the Stevenson legend rather than helped it, particularly in Mrs. Stevenson's case. Her piece of hero-worship will only get across with other hero-worshippers.

Father and Son

MY FAITH IN IMMORTALITY. By WILLIAM E. BARTON. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1926. $2.50.

THE BOOK NOBODY KNOWS. By BRUCE BARTON. The same.

Reviewed by HENRY J. CADBURY
Harvard University

TWO books arrive almost simultaneously at the reviewer's table. One is by a father, the other by his son. Barton the elder is a minister of a Congregational church. He is also a lover of Lincoln and a writer of a biography of his hero. But he is better known outside his own circle as the author of ingenious weekly parables called the Parables of Safed the Sage. His new book reveals of course the pastor and preacher. It has much of the homely illustration of the sage and it deals with a subject on which science, philosophy, and religion all claim something to say.

Dr. Barton believes in immortality, not just because the Bible or the creeds affirm it or because science or philosophy can prove it. He admits that science does not prove it, that psychic research does not prove it. His belief is an act of imagination, and since so many have shared this belief he finds in the mere existence of the belief the best ground for supposing it to be true. He discusses many phases of the question,—probation, perfection, the fate of the unregenerate, communication from the dead, and prayers for the dead, and answers his queries in accordance with simple analogies, common sense, and a conviction of God's goodness and of the goodness in human life that makes it worthy of perpetuation.

Barton junior is more of a journalist or publicist than his father and knows less about the things of religion. His "The Man Nobody Knows" has just secured for him the fame that a well-chosen title and a congenial though unhistorical portrait of Jesus might be expected to secure in contemporary America. Under a similar title Bruce Barton now gives a sketch of some of the high spots in the Bible. His aim is evidently to arouse a superficial curiosity with the chance of stimulating a deeper interest. His attitude is reasonably reverent, uncontroversial, and appreciative. He calls attention to a variety of notable events and persons in the Bible and concludes with a brief sketch of the collection or selection of its books and of its transmission. Such a book will doubtless occasionally accomplish its ultimate purpose, but it will leave most readers on its own plane of familiar quotations and Bible conundrums. It can hardly be preferred to the equally simple books on the Bible published by men of more thorough knowledge, who at least avoid some of the most obvious errors of the serial writer and columnist.

A Theory of Teaching

THE PRACTICE OF TEACHING IN THE SECONDARY SCHOOL. By HENRY C. MORRISON. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1926. $4.

Reviewed by A. R. MEAD
Teachers College

THIS large volume is a theory of learning and teaching interpreted in terms of the general education of learners of the secondary school period, plus certain considerations about the administrative aspects of the secondary school. The author states his own conception of secondary education, the objectives of systematic teaching, indicates that lesson performance may not contribute to the objectives, outlines techniques appropriate to his conception, and makes applications of these to the various subjects of the secondary school.

The elementary school period is one in "which the pupil is incapable of study because he has not the essential tools" (reading, writing, arithmetic). The secondary school period is the region of learning "in which the pupil is capable of study but is incapable of systematic intellectual growth, except under the constant tutorial presence of the teacher." When he "has become capable of pursuing self-dependent study," the pupil is ready for the university. These three conditions are made the criteria for the delimiting of elementary, secondary, and higher education. They are at best as imperfect as other criteria, in the following respects: (1) by the omission of consideration of physical changes which usher in the period of adolescence; (2) by the lack of recognition of empirical and some scientific data on learning which indicate that children do not educate themselves in such an orderly arrangement of periods. It would, indeed, be a real problem to locate the point at which a particular learner had attained the tools of learning but "is incapable of study." Both sets of acquisitions come gradually and the ability to study overlaps the period of acquisition of the tools. Likewise, in any *particular* case, the ability to pursue "self-dependent study" in any field may exist in the same period in which the learner is "*capable* of study but is incapable of systematic intellectual growth," in some other phases of his self-education. To the reviewer, it seems possible to utilize all the good things provided by the author without making assumptions so clearly in opposition to the fact of gradualness of learning.

The procedures of directing the learner outlined by the author, and the accompanying explanations are phrased in a terminology which reminds one of the Herbartian formal steps, and the much earlier system of instruction employed by the Jesuits. They are, however, very different than the earlier analogues. The attack is made by the formula: "Pre-test, teach, test the result, adapt procedure, teach, and test again to the point of actual learning." This, it should be noted, is followed already by many who have a quite different general theory of education. "Types of teaching" appear to the author in terms of the unique nature of the various types of subject-matter, *e. g.* the *science type*, the *appreciation type*, the *practical arts type*, the *language arts type*, and the *pure practice type*. The classification has some advantages over other types currently discussed. The section on "control technique" contains many richly suggestive ideas for the practical school man, although it is a little difficult to see *how* one is to secure the "sustained application" of the learner. His basic principles of teaching procedure are stated in Chapter X on "operative technique." No one would be likely to quarrel with these except that school of psychologists which has entirely dropped the word apperception and the principles of learning basic to it. It is encouraging to find that again recognition is really given to the fact that certain parts of our learning are very largely conditioned by what the author calls the apperceptive mass. His emphasis on the need for providing for "the reaction member" of the learning cycle is excellent and on it are based many things in the treatise. The determination of objectives receives a well-merited place. Here he attempts to unite modern psychological conceptions with a Herbartian conception.

The organization of the materials of teaching is based on the author's conception of "unit organization." What the unit is is told as follows: "The unit is a significant and important aspect of the world of well-nigh every individual who lives in a civilized society." Concerning science units he says: "Each must meet the test, Is this a significant contribution to the pupil's intellectual tools of attack upon that aspect of the world to which this science furnishes the key? . . . it must be a comprehensive and significant aspect of the environment, or of an organized science, capable of being understood rather than capable merely of being remembered." Mr. Morrison also rather sharply differentiates the *assimilative material* from the unit itself. In his procedure, he outlines certain steps in the teaching cycle to which he gives the following names: *exploration*, *presentation*, *assimilation*, *organization*, and *recitation*. Each is given an appropriate meaning based on the principles stated under "Operative Technique." Each step is copiously explained and illustrated.

Under the "appreciation" type of learning he includes learning in "moral conduct, literature, music, the pictorial and plastic arts." The objective and the learning product is a "favorable attitude," or tastes and ideals as expressed by others. The techniques employed in literature are those advocated by many other writers. In "moral conduct," ten types of behavior are taken as important. These conform to the "principles underlying the appreciation type." Some interesting suggestions for testing the results of this teaching are given.

In a somewhat similar fashion, the author treats the practical arts, the language arts, English composition, and "pure-practice" teaching. The objectives, materials, and techniques vary with the subject treated. In passing, it may be noted that the author's conceptions of foreign language teaching, desirable as they are, are quite foreign to prevailing practices in those fields.

The author's treatment of administrative many interesting suggestions. Considerable technique concerns those matters needed to make possible the working of learning and attention is given to "pupil administration," "control of pupil progress," and "problem cases.' The reviewer sympathizes with his denunciation of the evil effects of certain marking (rating) systems, but does not believe that he has eliminated the problem by the substitute proposed. The problem is still with us as soon as we begin to *pass judgment* on whether a pupil has attained *mastery*. Mastery is just as much of a variable as the letter grade A, because it is someone's subjective judgment on a learner's attainment. The chapter on the organization of the school is filled with useful material.

No one can get an adequate picture of the author's views except by reading and reflecting for many hours. Yet he will be repaid for the time. In terms of much of the best philosophy of education, the book will stand criticism. The author draws largely from psychology, empirical experience, and such experimental studies as are relevant to the secondary school field. Yet even here, some of the valuable experimental data on learning (say, for example, foreign language) are overlooked. Again the rich suggestiveness of the developing field of educational sociology contributes but little to the material of the book. The author's assumption concerning the supposed Prussian origin of the American common school is not accepted by any reputable historian of education, and is not needed to make his case for a better secondary education.

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Books of Special Interest

Ethics of Society

IDEALS OF CONDUCT, AN EXPOSITION OR MORAL ATTITUDES. By JOHN DASHIELL STOOPS. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1926.

Reviewed by RALPH M. EATON

Harvard University

THIS book is a sweeping review of the changing moral ideals of European civilization from the eighth century B. C. to the present day,—a sketch of large epochs and movements as they have received expression in literature, religion, science, and philosophy. The author's purpose is more than historical. He wishes to exhibit a moral ideal for the twentieth century as proceeding out of the past by a synthesis of older, and opposed, standards of conduct. "This book," says the Preface, "treats of three phases in the evolution of morality: objective morality, the morality of the inner life, and a synthesis of these two ideals"—yet to be attained.

This triad of moral concepts is already well known through Hegel. Indeed, Mr. Stoops's interpretation of the growth of moral ideas is Hegelian through and through, but it is Hegel re-thought without any conscious following of the German philosopher's doctrines. This is interesting in view of the fact that Mr. Stoops psychoanalyzes Hegel. He characterizes this philosopher's thought as "a defense mechanism of introversion" in which the notion of "unity through a synthesis of opposites was an unconscious rationalization of the political unity necessary for Germany's restoration as a nation" after the Napoleonic camapgins.

⁂

It is unfortunate that a book so sound as this one is in its general thesis and illustrative detail, should be marred by an attempt to explain away importan ideas in the history of thought as "compensations," "wish-fulfilments," and "defense mechanisms." "The general movement in modern philosophy," declares the author, "has been in the direction of fantasy thinking;" philosophers have been guilty of "autistic, wishful, dream thinking." He makes this charge against the Stoics and the Epicureans, against Locke and Rousseau for their theory of the social contract and the state of nature, against Hegel and Kant. Thus "if we add to our philosophy a knowledge of psychology, if we understand the technique of introversion, we shall see in the philosophy of Kant a defense reaction against the mechanistic realism of modern science." Mr. Stoops should, in fairness, add that the psychological conditions under which an idea is produced have nothing to do with its truth. Truth proceeds out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, of the sane and the mad, the drunken and the sober, and the eminently normal man with no complexes and defense reactions can utter many absurdities.

⁂

The author shows that in ancient Hebrew and Greek life the individual was one with the family and society; there was no opposition of inner and outer, no dualism of soul and body, of lower impulse and higher morality. The will of the early Greek and Hebrew "followed through" into social action and was not shut up within itself. Mediæval life, on the contrary, brought forward the self as separate from society and the objective world; it built an inner kingdom. The greatness of this new ideal is eloquently set forth by the writer:

> In the strain and suffering and introspection of the mediæval development there was achieved a terrible and majestic consciousness of the value of an interior life which to this very day towers above all the older institutions of society. It was the majesty of an overtowering interior life which created the great cathedrals. And this lofty sense of inner moral values will continue to be the ultimate condemnation of all forms of social organization unleavened by its own transforming idealism. But modern life must again bring the individual back into proper relations to the social whole, not however into the simple unreflective unity which was characteristic of Hebrew and Greek life. The new moral ideal is one of social unity tempered by a sense of the significance of the inner life of the individual. "We must evolve a state whose morality is the objective or social aspect of what we now call the morality of the individual conscience."

The book presents for the intelligent general reader, not the specialist, an interpretation from the ethical point of view of the most important historical expressions of western civilization. It is written concretely and clearly, and it should be far more valuable for the general reader than

Data of Learning

STATISTICS IN PSYCHOLOGY AND EDUCATION. By HENRY E. GARRETT. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1926.

Reviewed by M. R. NEIFELD

NEVER before has there been such a universal employment of figures for every conceivable purpose. They fairly leap at the reader from the pages of books, newspapers, and magazines. Numbers are marshalled by armies, by battalions, by regiments, and by squads. They support every possible position and every possible side. Governments, industries, and the sciences take stock, set goals, and report results in masses of ciphers. Under the deluge of figures, the average reader is swept along to the desired conclusion. There is a certain definitiveness about printed statistics that gives them an inherent authoritativeness.

Needless to say, much of published statistics is bad, some of it very bad. Some of it is worse than useless and reminds one of Thomas Hood's delicious satire in "A Tale of A Trumpet:"

In fact she had much of the spirit that lies
Perdu in a notable set of Paul Prys,
By courtesy called Statistical Fellows—
A prying, spying, inquisitive clan,
Who had gone upon much of the self-same plan,
Jotting the laboring class's riches;
And after poking in pot and pan,
And routing garments in want of stitches,
Have ascertained that a working man
Wears a pair and a quarter of average breeches!

On the other hand, it must be said, that statistics issued by responsible organizations, public or private, are mostly very good, carefully gotten up, and with conclusions modestly circumscribed by the limitations of the data and the shortcomings of the technique. The reader who is statistically minded finds them far from the dull, uninteresting things they are popularly supposed to be. For him who can read them intelligently, they are at times as absorbing and as dramatic as any novel. And the number of those who can read statistics intelligently is increasing rapidly.

The growth in statistical technique in the last thirty years especially has been remarkable. So rapid has been the development that less than ten years ago, Rugg wrote in the preface to his textbook that he had purposely omitted a discussion of partial correlation because "it is doubtful" if the method "will be used by more than a very small fraction of those working in educational research in our generation." Yet, today, partial and multiple correlation technique are the stock in trade of every well trained worker in the field of measurement.

The word "statistics" carries in itself signs of its origin as a description of "states" or governments. Contributed to originally by the work of the astronomers and by mathematical researches into the laws of chance, it has been taken up by the biometricians, the economists, the psychologists, the sociologists, and the educators. Today there is a large and growing statistical literature in each of these various fields. And to help these specialized workers directly there has been developed a series of specialized textbooks. Of these the latest is by Dr. Garrett.

The title of Dr. Garrett's book indicates the field he is concerned with. The author set himself the task of producing a manual suitable to the needs of students of psychology and education whose mathematical background is meagre. The readers he had in mind are those who are primarily interested in what statistics can do to help them solve the problems of the laboratory and the schoolroom, and who have neither the time, nor the inclination, nor the training to delve into the logic or the philosophy underlying the formulas they use. It is a most difficult undertaking to write a text on a mathematical subject for readers of little or no mathematical training. Other attempts have been made in the same field, but Dr. Garrett's training as a teacher both of psychology and of statistics has helped him to turn out what is probably the best devised and the most competent instrument for the purpose he had in mind.

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Books of Special Interest

American Plays

REPRESENTATIVE PLAYS by AMERICAN DRAMATISTS, Vol. II. Edited by MONTROSE J. MOSES. E. P. Dutton and Co. 1925. $8.

Reviewed by ARTHUR HOBSON QUINN
University of Pennsylvania

THIS book completes a collection of American drama, whose first and third volumes have been in print since 1918 and 1921. The delay in issuing the second volume is explained by the editor through the high cost of publication, for which indeed there seems to be no especial reason, since each volume contains only ten plays. Editor and publisher have both done a service in making these plays available, and it will be a revelation to those who are constantly telling us that there "was no American drama" before 1870-1880 or 1890 (or at whatever date their ignorance of the subject terminates), to find that of the thirty plays, twenty-three were written before 1870.

An anthology is to be judged first by the plays selected and second by the accuracy and interpretative quality of the critical material. We are a bit puzzled by the distribution of Mr. Moses's thirty plays. Volume II begins with Joseph Hutton's "Fashionable Follies" (1815) and concludes with Tayleure's "Horseshoe Robinson" (1858), while Volume III included Burke's version of "Rip van Winkle" (1850) and Boker's "Francesca da Rimini" (1855), and is entitled "modern." In the period "from post-Revolutionary times to mid-nineteenth century" which this second volume is described as covering, "Francesca da Rimini" is, of course, the finest play. The volume therefore resembles "Hamlet with Hamlet left out." Of the ten plays included, Payne's "Brutus," Willit's "Tortesa the Usurer," Conrad's "Jack Cade," and Mrs. Mowatt's "Fashion" are excellent choices, though two are easily accessible in other anthologies. But we are again puzzled at Mr. Moses's principle of selection. As stated in the preface, the effort has been made to select "plays which have had interesting stage histories." But the very first, Hutton's "Fashionable Follies," was never performed, and certainly "Sertorious" and "Horseshoe Robinson" do not clamor for admission on this score.

Mr. Moses explains minutely why the dramas of Robert Montgomery Bird were not available to him, owing to their recent publication, and of course "The Gladiator" or "The Broker of Bogota" outclass any play in this volume. But he might have included Sargent's "Velasco," with which Davenport and Fanny Vining opened the Marylebone Theatre in London when Macready came to America, or Mrs. Conner's "Octavia Bragaldi," with all the interest of the Sharp-Beauchampe murder which it dramatized. Or if he wished a play with "stage history," there is Woodworth's "Forest Rose," which started the revival of the Yankee play in 1825. But an editor naturally chooses plays with which he is familiar.

The weakest portion of the book is the editor's own contribution. The introductions are voluminous, but consist chiefly of gossip about the personality of the playwright. What the editor should have given us is, first, a brief biographical account, second, a correct list of the important plays of the author in question, and third, all available information concerning the sources and the production of the play itself and its position in the drama of the time. But Mr. Moses's study of the period is apparently superficial, though his skill in quoting apparently from original sources through secondary ones, without mentioning his real source amounts almost to genius. The introduction to Payne's "Brutus" is a case in point, and in the consequent paraphrase, Mr. Moses jumbles facts together, stating that Payne published his "Thespian Mirror" as a school boy," then speaks of his other paper, "The Fly" and his sojourn at Union College as though they came later, while of course "The Thespian Mirror" was not published till Payne had left Union and entered his uncle's counting house in New York City. He missed a fine opportunity also to reveal the real skill with which Payne used the sources of "Brutus," and casually refers the student "who wishes to make an intensive study of the play" to Genest's "English Stage." Anyone who has tried to find Genest outside of the largest libraries will appreciate the helpfulness of this reference. Mr. Moses should have made a first hand study of the five (not four) chief sources from which Payne drew, and presented the reader with the result of the comparison.

It is the assumption of accuracy and actual carelessness or ignorance which makes these introductions so irritating. In the preface to Conrad's "Jack Cade" the editor states, "Had it not been for him" [Forrest] "it is certain that at least nine plays of variable merit would never have seen the light—plays which were brought to notoriety through the power of acting distinctive of the period. These were Stone's 'The Ancient Briton,' but more important, his 'Metamora,' Bird's 'Pelopidas,' Oralloos[s]a,' and "The Gladiator,' together with his 'Broker of Bogota,' Richard Penn Smith's 'Caius Marius,' George H. Miles's 'Mohammed,' and finally 'Jack Cade.'"

Now "Pelopidas" was *not* written for Forrest, and was never put on any stage, and "Mohammed," while written for Forrest, was not played by him, and was put on later by Neafie. Mr. Moses refers approvingly to Dr. Clement Foust's life of Bird, but evidently has not read it, for he repeats the old error that Forrest and Bird went to South America together, when as a matter of fact they were stopped by an epidemic in New Orleans. Sometimes the mistakes are gratuitous. Mr. Moses apologizes in detail for not printing "Metamora" on account of its not being available in complete form, then adds "At the Forrest Home there are a few isolated parts to be picked up." The manuscript at the Forrest Home contains the complete part of "Metamora" as played by Forrest, but no others. It is again this assumption of research which is unworthy of one who poses as an authority.

But after all, "the play's the thing.' All the plays in the volume are worth preserving and we do not have to read the introductions!

On Christ

JESUS THE NAZARENE. By MAURICE GOGUEL. Translated by FREDERICK STEPHENS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1926. $3.

Reviewed by HENRY J. CADBURY

THE hypothesis that Jesus never lived has had an undeserved vogue in recent years. Heretofore its main discussion has been in Germany, though it has found notable defenders in England and America. More recently it has reached France, and it is mainly in reply to French deniers of the historicity of Jesus, like Dr. Paul Louis Couchoud (whose "Enigma of Jesus" appeared in English two years ago), that Professor Goguel addresses himself.

Fortunately a book originating in such a controversy is arranged to cover a much wider and less apologetic field. Of course the best answer to a theory of the Christ Myth is a full exposition of the evidence for Jesus's existence that does not neglect the numerous legendary and mythical accretions. To accept the whole gospel evidence is really to play into the hands of those who deny it, and Professor Goguel does not accept it *in toto*. He admits that folk lore, prophecy, and the contemporary Christian cult have had an influence in shaping the gospel narratives, but he denies that they have created the central figure of the gospels out of nothing.

The work is systematically arranged. In the first chapter is given a useful review of those writers on the life of Jesus who adopted views of his non-historicity. The testimony or silence of non-Christian historians is discussed next in brief and judicial fashion. The theory of a Pre-Christian Jesus is next weighed in the balance and found wanting. Paul's relation to the gospel tradition and the implications of his theology for the existence of Jesus are very fully canvassed, then the evidence from the non-Pauline Epistles and the Apocalypse. Finally the author takes up the gospel evidence and the faith in the resurrection.

As already suggested the author construes his task more constructively than the mere work of rebuttal, and his power of clear exposition, well recognized by readers of his other works, is at its best in some very valuable passages. There is a masterly summary of Paul's theology, done in excellent balance and proportion. The discussion of the plan of the several synoptic gospels is a discriminating analysis of primary elements in the tradition and secondary editorial arrangement. The last chapter offers an excellent historical and psychological investigation into the faith lying behind the resurrection narratives.

French Biblical criticism is not often honored with an English translation. The publishers are to be congratulated in having selected such an admirable representative of the sanest liberal French criticism. Dr. Goguel is Professor of Exegesis and New Testament Criticism in the faculty of Free Protestant Theology at Paris.

The English translation gives an adequate idea of the main lines of the original work, but in details it is unfortunately far from satisfactory. The scholar would find the bibliographical materials in the original footnotes of considerable value, since they call attention often to unfamiliar sources. But in the translation they are arbitrarily curtailed (dates, titles, and page references omitted), and mistakes and misunderstandings occur. It is a pity that French spellings of familiar names have been allowed occasionally to remain to mystify the uninitiated English reader. "Souvenirs" is repeatedly used most inaptly to translate the French word of like spelling meaning memories and the English reader is misled by translations like "parentage" for "parente" or "cultural reading of the Gospels" where the original of course is "cultuelle."

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A Letter from France

By Maurice Bourgeois

To give more unity to these occasional "letters from France," I generally group and review together books on the same subject. I intend to examine today miscellaneous French publications on the cinema, which, I understand, is a subject of special interest to Americans.

Between 1895 and 1925, the French bibliography of the cinema consisted only of some twelve or fifteen volumes, the most notable being: H. Diamont-Berger's "Le Cinéma," Arnaud's and Boisyvon's "Le Cinéma pour Tous," and André Lang's "Entretiens Cinématographiques," intended for the general public; critical essays by J. Epstein and P. A. Birot, both of them entitled "Cinéma"; Robert Florey's "Filmland" and "Deux Ans dans les Studios Américains" (first published in *Cinémagazine*); and the charming works of the late Louis Delluc: "Cinéma et Cie," "Photogénie," "Charlot," and "Drames de Cinéma." Had he lived, Delluc would have devoted his talent to the moving pictures; and he is also remembered as the author of two remarkable films: "Fièvre" and "La Femme de Nulle Part," in which his wife, Eve Francis (the admirable interpreter of Paul Claudel's plays) played the title-rôle. In 1919, Jules Romains had published his celebrated "Donogoo Tonka," a short story written in the manner of a film scenario, with titles printed in capitals and appearing within little frames, as on the screen.

Since last year, books and pamphlets on the "movies" have become unusually plentiful. I can only mention in passing technical monographs, such as Georges Billecocq's "Régime Fiscal de l'Industrie Cinématographique en France," Marcel Mayer's "Tirage et Développement des Films Cinématographiques," and André Merle's "Les Appareils de Prise de Vues Cinématographiques." G.-Michel Coissac, director of "Cinéopse," has produced an admirably complete and readable "Histoire du Cinématographe de ses Origines à Nos Jours," which will not be superseded for many years. Of greater literary interest are volumes discussing the "æsthetics" of the moving pictures, *e.g.* "L'Idée et l'Ecran," by Henri Fescourt (producer of "Les Misérables") and Jean-Louis Bouquet, and "Naissance du Cinéma," by Léon Moussinac (well-known as the author of another book on theatrical scenery). "Birth of the Cinéma" is a very striking title, if one recalls that the cinéma has just celebrated its thirtieth anniversary and that a tablet has been placed on the site of the Café Riche to commemorate the first projection of the brothers Lumière. Moussinac's book is important, being the first attempt to summarize what may be termed the philosophy of the movies. It contains a very suggestive chapter on the contribution of the various countries to the development of the "seventh art," which the author characterizes as the first of the "cinématic" arts (*i.e.*, arts of motion), as opposed to the "static" (or plastic) arts. Moussinac is of the opinion that the former will gradually displace the latter, and he most ingeniously links up modern man's enjoyment of motion (and of the moving pictures) with the progress of mechanics in the twentieth century.

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In an article contributed to *Le Crapouillot*, Moussinac alluded to the contempt of professional men of letters for the cinéma, in which, he contended, most of them see an inferior mode of expression, subservient to mechanical, industrial, and commercial necessities. This attitude of disdain is now a thing of the past. Indeed, it has become almost a fashion among the younger writers of France to take a sympathetic interest in the cinéma, and to discuss at length its relations with literature. *Le Disque Vert*, a Belgium periodical, devotes an entire special number to Charlie Chaplin, whose genius wins dithyrambic praise from the pen of thirty leading French and Belgian authors. An important symposium on "Letters, Modern Thought, and the Cinéma" appears in the pages of *Les Cahiers du Mois*, edited by François and André Berge, another issue of which contains a collection of "Scenarios" written for the screen by the editors and by Maurice Betz, Jacques Bonjean, Robert Desnos, André Desson, and André Harlaire. Albert Pigasse directs the Collection "Cinario" (a fanciful neologism made up of "cinéma" and "scenario"), to which will contribute such well-known writers as Georges Duhamel, Pierre MacOrlan, Joseph Kessel, Alexandre Arnoux, Roger Allard, René Bizet, Eugène Marsan, Louis-Martin Chauffier.

Many of the more "advanced" *littérateurs* of France recognize the importance of the cinéma in modern life and its technical and artistic possibilities. Writing on "Le Fantastique et le Cinéma" in a new publication calling itself "Jabiru" (the name of an Icelandic bird), Pierre MacOrlan goes the length of proclaiming that the cinéma can replace literature, and that a film producer has a better chance to express himself than a writer. Interviewed by "Comoedia," Alfred Machard, the author of "Bout-de-Bibi" and "Coquecigrole," speaks of the "wonderful resources" of the moving pictures, and maintains that a good novelist "thinks in images"—in other words, inwardly visualizes his characters and situations in a manner which may be described as "cinématographic." Among other enthusiasts of the screen may be mentioned Elie Faure, the essayist, Léon-Pierre Quint, the distinguished biographer of Marcel Proust, and Jean Prévost, who now reports critically on the cinéma for *Les Nouvelles Littéraires*.

The influence of the moving pictures on much of the recent literary output of France would require a long and minute study. That influence makes itself felt in the prose of Giraudoux, Paul Morand, and Joseph Delteil, the rhythm and imagery of which have a cinématographic quality. It is conspicuous in the novels of Blaise Cendrars, "L'Or" and "Moravagine," bizarre films taking place in many countries, at a prodigious pace. "Un Suicide," by André Beucler, is also distinctly cinématographic in conception. In Jean-Victor Pellerin's amusing comedies, "Intimité" and "Têtes de Réchange," the secret thoughts of the personages are made visible by a cinématographic process; and Robert de Flers' and Francis de Croisset's latest play, "Le Docteur Miracle," is based on a dream, as are many films seen on the screen.

The moving picture world has supplied the theme of some recent novels, to which American readers will turn with interest: "Hollywood," by Valentin Mandelstamm, the author of "Cher New York;" Abel Hermant's "La Marionnette," which tells the story of another Jackie Coogan; René Clair's "Adams" (dedicated to Charlie Chaplin), the fantastic biography of Cecil Adams, a cinéma actor who identifies himself with seven American screen stars, finally thinking himself God and becoming insane. "Adams" is the first book of René Clair, whose work as film producer is well-known. The technique of the cinéma pervades his novel and gives him a new clue to the Pirandellian problem of personality. It is characteristic in this connection that Pirandello's novel on the cinéma, "On Tourne," has lately been published in Paris.

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Lastly, many efforts are being made to intensify the exchanges between *littérateurs* and *cinéastes*. In *Cinémagazine*, Lucien Wahl reviews "books as inspirers of films." Anatole France's "Crainquebille," Pierre Benoit's "L'Atlantide" have been very skilfully adapted for the screen. M. Lucien Wahl's initiative will be instrumental in ruining the legend according to which fiction and the theater have nothng to do with the "seventh art"—an error which has considerably retarded the progress of the French cinéma. Along similar lines, the publishing firm of Grasset has lately founded a "Bureau d'Etudes Cinématographiques," to study the possibilities of novels and plays for the screen; M. Chancerel, the curator of the Maison de Balzac, is in charge of this interesting organization. As regards the contribution of the cinéma to literature, we have had, during the last few months, several novels written *from* films: particularly enjoyable are Fortuné Paillot's "novelized" versions of Harold Lloyd's films, "Monte la-dessus" and "Et Puis Ça Va (or "Le Docteur Jack"), and René Jeanne's excellent novels, "La Terre Promise" and "Destinée," based on the films of Henry Roussell.

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Glimpsing the Other World

Reviewed by Julius Moritzen

BEFORE THE OPEN DOOR (for aaben Dör). By J. Anker Larsen. Copenhagen: Gyldendalske Publishing House. 1926.

American readers of "The Philosopher's Stone" in its English translation may recall J. Anker Larsen's thesis touching what he terms the "open" and "closed" state of mind, and how this Danish author gives himself over to spiritual introspection as he delineates his characters.

Following his prize novel, J. Anker Larsen in "Martha and Maria" carries his idea still further and we see two sisters, diametrically opposite in character, travel the road from childhood to maturity under circumstances that almost seem like predestination. At any rate, there are moments in "Martha and Maria" when the very heavens appear ready to give up their secrets to the one sister whose "open" mentality apparently is that of J. Anker Larsen himself, while the other sister plods through life wholly unconscious, as it were, of anything beyond the earth earthly.

The reviewer may perhaps be permitted to seek corroboration of what are his own impressions of "Before the Open Door," the most recent of Anker Larsen's books, by quoting Professor Harald Höffding, of the Copenhagen University, in respect to certain psychological phenomena that this eminent Danish philosopher finds to be t outstanding merit of the work. There no question that J. Anker Larsen's aim h been to lead the reader right up to the "op door" where he may glimpse something of kingdom not of this world. He does n however, furnish any formula as to how o may enter the sacred precincts.

"Anker Larsen tells us," says Profess Höffding, "how at a certain period in h life, after having tried both theology a theosophy, he felt the need of relieving th which made his childhood so bright, peaceful, and complete. More and mo this longing for the past filled his mind.

"The first step on the way home," Ank Larsen says himself in his book, was tak on a certain day during a walk through wood. The forest atmosphere filled hi with health and strength. And while this paradisical state of mind the picture a beautiful path in a wood rose before h soul.

But it was not at that time, but later, th Anker Larsen became conscious of the fa that this path of his vision belonged to t environment of his childhood. He had b come so tired of looking at all that su rounded him that he closed his eyes and was only when he once more looked b fore him that he saw "a little path, fresh, so pure and fairy-like that it mu have been one of the walks in the gard of paradise."

The author emphasizes that what he sa was not recollections that might be call forth as one wished. The glimpses can of themselves, he declares, and the conditi bore the stamp of a presence, was not ima inative. Professor Höffding seems to be the opinion that Anker Larsen himself stan inside the open door and that what he giv forth from there carries the impress genuineness and experience. The review involuntarily recalls Professor Höffding work, "Experience and Interpretation" which we are made acquainted with t two feminine mystics, the Spanish nu Teresa, of the sixteenth century and t remarkable Protestant mystic of the twent eth century who is called Cecile V by h psychological father-confessor.

More or less autobiographical in for and intent, "Before the Open Door" b longs in a different category from t author's two previous books whose fiction structure is easily determined. But J. Ank Larsen has nevertheless strengthened himse here as a writer of force and deep insigh When in due time the American publish of "The Philosopher's Stone" and "Mart and Maria" places "Before the Open Doo alongside the former in its English transl tion he may be assured in advance of respectful reception in case the translat does his full duty with a work that t Danish reviewers, at any rate, have hail as a distinct contribution to a literature th more and more, it appears, is turning the unseen world for its subject matter. A endorsement like that of Professor Höf ding is certainly not to be taken lightly.

Foreign Notes

Madame Delarue-Mardus is n a believer. She has writen her "Sain Thérese de Lisieux" (Fasquale) from me human interest in the young Carmelite n who lived and died close to her own nati town. The volume consists of two parts, o in which the writer indulges in ruthless sati of the commercialism and the impossib artistic taste disgracing the cult of the e quisite young nun, and another in which s analyses her "Diary" and leads us to sha her admiration for the sober heroism of nun nearer asceticism than mysticism. M dame Delarue-Mardrus is a poet, and h verse is as impassioned as that of Madar de Noailles. The capacity for admiring a accepting greatness, visible in every page this perfectly simple analysis, is what giv the book its value. No preaching can a proach this sincerity of admiration.

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What is a vivid and yet authoritati chronicle of naval episodes in the wor war has recently made its appearance France from the pen of Paul Chack (Par Editions de France). In his "Combats Batailles sur Mer" M. Chack has pictur in dramatic manner incidents not only the participation of his own country but well of other nations. His book makes i teresting reading.

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In his "Coleridge" G. Ferrando (Flo ence: Le Monnier) has set forth with muc balance and skill an analysis of the po adapted to interpret him to the Itali reader. His discussion is directed to demo strating that Coleridge is primarily a poet.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later

Drama

ALEXANDER AND THREE SMALL PLAYS. By LORD DUNSANY. Putnams. 1926. $2.

The three act play which forms the principal piece in Lord Dunsany's new dramatic collection does not depart, save in length, from his familiar vein. Like many of the one act plays in which he took by storm the amateur actors of this country, it makes great, if somewhat vague, demands upon the producer in the matters of setting and costume. In language it presents the same strange blend of biblical simplicity and power with a decadent rhetorical imagery after the manner of the Wilde of "Salome" and "A Florentine Tragedy." "Alexander" is dramatically uneven, attaining unquestionable emotional persuasiveness in such scenes as that between the hero and the Amazonian queen Rhododactilos, after he has murdered his friend Clitus. But there are moments of positive dulness, and an excess of the stage trickery in which the author has always excelled. In general, as in his "If," Lord Dunsany seems principally to demonstrate that his talent is far more effective in the one act form than spread out with the purpose of furnishing an evening's entertainment. This is due, no doubt, to the slightly pompous turns of dialogue, and the continual making of stage pictures, which are thoroughly entertaining in themselves, and completely nullify themselves upon repetition.

On the whole, it seems more likely that the three small plays in the volume will achieve a greater popularity. "The Amusements of Khan Kharuda," a striking little experiment with masks, and "The Old King's Tale" are certainly not inferior to such similar things as "A Night at an Inn" and "The Laughter of the Gods," which have attained production innumerable times under all sorts of handicaps, and have succeeded invariably with their audiences. Affording as they do an equal opportunity to the actor and the scene painter, there is an unimitated, if not inimitable, neatness about these thrillers which is lacking in the longer and more grandiose effort.

FULGENS AND LUCRES. By *Henry Wedwall*. Edited by *F. S. Boas* and *A. W. Reed*. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

POMP. By *Sada Cowan*. Brentano's. $2.

RED OLEANDERS. By *Rabindranath Tagore*. Macmillan. $2.

ABOUT SHAKESPEARE AND HIS PLAYS. By *G. F. Brady*. Oxford University Press. $1.20.

EVERY ONE HAS HIS FAULT. By *Mrs. Inchbald*. Oxford University Press. 35 cents.

PETER SHOWS HIS PICTURES. By *Tipton Lindsay Frasier*. Published by the author.

Fiction

SUN WOMAN. By JAMES WILLARD SCHULTZ. Houghton Mifflin. 1926. $2.

Mr. Schultz, who married an Indian woman of the Blackfeet tribe as long ago as 1879, has written some twenty books about the Indians of those earlier days, most of them for boys and girls. "Sun Woman," too, though described as the author's first novel and therefore presumably intended for adults, really belongs on the list of fiction for young people—of all ages.

The slight story has to do with an Indian girl who longs to remain unwedded but learns in a vision that she is destined to marry a lover recognizable only by the token he shall bear in his hand. A few good fights and several scenes involving exclamations like "Laugh, damn you, laugh! I'll have her yet!" manage to delay the simple *dénoûement*. If the author had drawn more widely—and deeply—upon his knowledge of Indian ways and his memories of life among the early fur traders, or if he had been able to develop the poetic possibilities of his romantic background, or if he had even given us a rattling good yarn, the book might have been saved from banality. As it is, however, it falls pretty flat: both language and sentiment stalk on stilts and the characters have only as much individuality as the words Indian, white man, hero, heroine, and villain can give them.

TREASURE OF THE LAKE. By H. RIDER HAGGARD. Doubleday, Page. 1926. $2.

One grieves while one welcomes this posthumous novel. It is a new story in the long list of Allan Quatermain tales, and while in essentials it does not differ greatly from the many other stories of African adventure that Rider Haggard wrote, they are so well done of their kind that one cannot fairly quarrel with the uniformity of construction. Admirers of Rider Haggard need no more introduction than this to what one fears must prove to be the last publication from his pen.

HIS MAJESTY THE KING. By COSMO HAMILTON. Doubleday Page. 1926. $2.

By means of a liberal exercise of the historical imagination Mr. Cosmo Hamilton has written a very charming and appealing little story with Charles II as the central character. He is emphatically not the hero, since there is little of the heroic about the figure of the merry monarch as Mr. Hamilton paints him in the days of his exile in Bruges when, sick with hope deferred, he and a little band of faithful friends were waiting for the Restoration. Mr. Hamilton adopts, or invents for himself, a legend that, just as the long-awaited news arrived, the irresponsible monarch disappeared for a period of twenty-four hours, leaving his followers in anguished fear lest at this eleventh hour, when hopes at last were bright, the idosyncrasies of the king himself might lead after all to disaster. The events of these twenty-four hours Mr. Hamilton professes to relate, and in doing so he spins a very pleasant yarn. It is, of course, quite obvious that if Charles II chooses to disappear the reason for his disappearance must be a lady. This particular romantic episode, however, is a good deal less sordid than most that are attributed to the merry monarch. It is in fact, as Mr. Hamilton tells it, a very pretty and delicate little love story with renunciation as the keynote, and one likes to think that in refusing to take what he might the king, whose debaucheries were as flagrant as his personal charms were appealing, gained strength, for once at any rate, to be "more of a king in his own house."

LOVE US ALL. By A. NEIL LYONS. A. & C. Boni. 1926.

Mr. Lyons has been praised so abundantly by the reviewers as a master of the short story that there is no point in swelling the chorus. All that has been said in his praise is perfectly true, including the eulogy of Mr. S. P. B. Mais, printed on the jacket of the present volume, that he knows no other author "who can write a completely satisfying short story in two pages which is as tart and swift in its attack on the strong as it is charitable and tolerant in its sympathy with the weak."

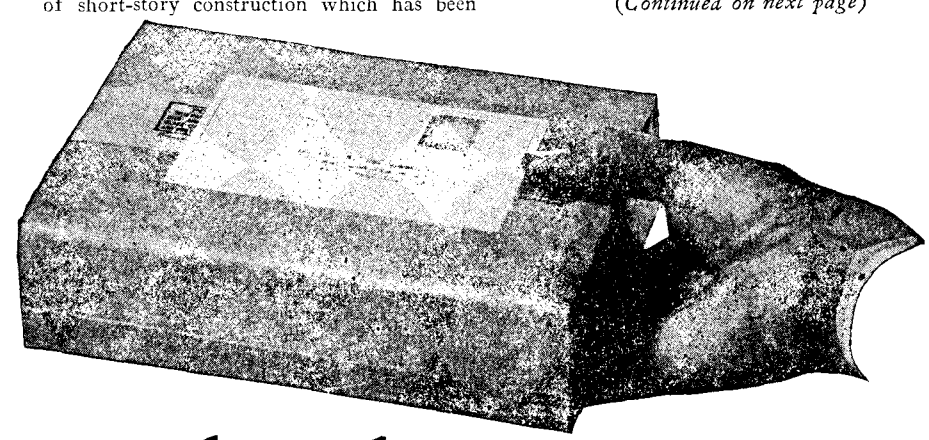
Mr. Lyons has certainly reduced compression to a fine art. The stories in this volume average only seven pages and some of them occupy not more than three or four. One may be reasonably assured that the volume will serve as a text book in schools of short-story writing. It is right that it should, for no one is writing at the present time who combines more happily the suave cynicism that is characteristic of the best English humor with the technical excellence of short-story construction which has been highly developed in America. Acknowledging all this, one is yet tempted to a reservation. Miniature work is a recognized and legitimate branch of the art of painting, but when one speaks of the art one has in mind, not the delicate detail of the miniature, but the full sweep of the larger canvas.

THE WORM OUROBOROS. By E. R. EDDISON. A. & C. Boni. 1926. $3.

Through these pages fine lords swank from one heroic occurrence to another, desirable princesses intrigue for or inspire their lovers, and a dark king makes magic. In all a bravely fashioned tale displays itself and demands credence in this work. The prose in which it is told has a sonorous, rich beauty that caresses the ear. We almost completely succumbed to its spell. That seems large praise but the word, almost, as we just have used it, has a notable importance. For example, a predilection for too precious verbosity burdens many paragraphs; a cadenced prose becoming too smooth and sweet blurs certain poetically conceived designs. Notwithstanding the "Worm Ouroboros" deserves the critical connotation now generally given to the word, authentic. Finally it must be stated that it is not so much a grand epic account of an imaginative world as the utopia of a decadent who wills to escape our present century. A longer review of the book, written from the English Edition was published in the issue of *The Saturday Review of Literature* of April 18, 1925.

(*Continued on next page*)

The Book-of-the-Month Club enables you to *make sure* that you actually obtain and read outstanding books that otherwise you may miss.



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IF you are a bookish person, you have probably heard about the Book-of-the-Month Club. Many of the most prominent people in the country have already subscribed to its service. Wherever books are talked about, it is likely to come into the conversation. Frequently, however, the simple idea behind it seems to be misunderstood.

There are hundreds of thousands of intelligent people in this country who are really anxious to keep abreast of outstanding new books, as they appear. But the average person *fails to read* most of these important books. He misses them because he is either *too busy* or *too neglectful* to go out and buy them. How often has this happened to you? "I certainly want to read *that* book!" you say to yourself, when you see a review or hear a book praised highly, by someone whose taste you respect. But, in most cases, you never "get around to it."

It is to meet this situation, chiefly, that the Book-of-the-Month Club was organized. It takes cognizance of the procrastination that forever causes you to miss the best books; *each month, without effort on your part, you will receive the outstanding new book published that month—just as you receive a magazine—by mail!*

How is the "outstanding" book each month chosen? How may you be sure it is a book that you would care to purchase anyway? In order to obtain a completely unbiassed selection, the Book-of-the-Month Club has asked a group of well-known critics, whose judgment as to books and whose catholicity of taste have long been known to the public, to act as a Selecting Committee. They are: Henry Seidel Canby, Chairman; Heywood Broun, Dorothy Canfield, Christopher Morley and William Allen White.

These individuals have no business connection with the Book-of-the-Month Club. They were simply requested to function as judges, for the benefit of our subscribers, and they agreed to do so. Each month, the new books, *of all publishers*, are presented to them. From these, by a system of voting, they choose what they consider to be the most outstanding and readable book each month, *and that book is forthwith sent to every subscriber of the Book-of-the-Month Club.*

Tastes differ, however. You may concede that a book selected by such a committee is *likely* to be one that you would not care to miss reading. But you may disagree with their choice in any one month. If so, *you may exchange the book you receive for any one of a number of other books which the Committee simultaneously recommends.* Thus, your choice among current books is no more limited than if you browsed in a bookstore. The only result is—that you actually *do* obtain and *do* read the books you want to read. This you won't do, in most cases, if you rely upon your present haphazard methods of book-buying.

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from proceding page*)

BLACK PEARLS. By *R. W. Alexander.* Appleton. $2.

THE WEST VIRGINIAN. By *H. E. Danford.* Vinal. $2.

THE ERRATIC FLAME. By *Ysabel de Teresa.* Macaulay. $2.

THE PHANTOM CLUE. By *Gaston Leroux.* Macaulay. $2 net.

THE APPLE OF THE EYE. By *Glenway Westcott.* Harpers. $2.

A PRINCE OF MALAYA. By *Sir Hugh Clifford.* Harpers. $2.50.

THE VOICE OF THE MURDERER. By *Goodwin Walsh.* Putnam. $2.

CANDAULES' WIFE. By *Emily James Putnam.* Putnam. $2.

THE CHARWOMAN'S SHADOW. By *Lord Dunsany.* Putnam. $2.

THE LOOM OF THE FOOL. By *Austin MacLeod.* Doran. $2 net.

THE BLACK GLOVE. By *J. G. Sarasin.* Doran. $2 net.

SEPIA. By *Owen Rutter.* Doran. $2 net.

THE MAD BUSMAN. By *I. A. R. Wylie.* Doran. $2 net.

FAIRY GOLD. By *Compton Mackenzie.* Doran. $2 net.

THE CUTTERS. By *Bess Streeter Aldrich.* Appleton. $2.

MOLL FLANDERS.. By *Daniel Defoe.* With an Introduction by *G. H. Maynadier.* Greenberg. $2.50.

THE INTERPRETER. By *Gertrude Capen Whitney.* Four Seas. $2.

Foreign

LES FINANCES DE GUERRE DE LA FRANCE. By *Henri Truchy.* Paris: Les Presses Universitaires (Yale University Press).

LES DEPENSES DE GUERRE DA LA FRANCE. By *Gaston Jèze.* Paris: Les Presses Universitaires (Yale University Press).

TOURS DE LA GUERRE. By *Michel Lhéritier* and *Camille Chautemps.* Paris: Les Presses Universitaires (Yale University Press).

IM ANFANG WAR DIE LIEBE. Briefe auf ihre *Phlegtochter von Malwida von Meysenberg.* Munich: Beck'scher. Verlagsbuchandlung.

AUGUSTIN COCHIN: SES LETTRES ET SA VIE. By *Henry Cochin.* Paris: Bloud & Gay. 2 vols.

LANCELOT ET GALAID. By *Myrrha Lot-Borodine* and *Gertrude Schoepperle.* Oxford University Press. $1.10.

ANTHOLOGIE DE LA LITTÉRATURE AMÉRICAINE. By *C. Cestre* and *B. Gagnot.* Paris: Delagrave.

Miscellaneous

THE STORY OF STEEL. By *J. Bernard Walker* Harpers. $4.

THE SPELL OF MUSIC. By *J. A. Fuller-Maitland.* Macmillan.

THE CATTLE INDUSTRY AND THE TARIFF. By *Lynn Ramsay Edminster.* Macmillan. $2.50

HANDBOOK OF AMERICAN PRISONS, 1926. Edited by *Austin H. Macmillan* and *Paul W. Garrett.* Putnam.

TRAINING HORSES FOR RACES. By *Capt. G. W. L. Meredith.* Scribners. $1.25.

CARNATIONS. By *Montague C. Allwood.* Scribners. $4.75.

CARGOES AND HARVESTS. By *Donald Culross Peattie.* Appleton. $2.50.

Religion

THE BEGINNING OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. Translated by WILLIAM TYNDALE, 1525: Facsimile of the Unique Fragment of the Uncompleted Cologne Edition. With an Introduction by ALFRED W. POLLARD. Oxford University Press. 1926. $7.

The four hundredth anniversary of Tyndale's first English translation of the Greek New Testament has been celebrated in many ways all over the English speaking world. But none of these has been more appropriate than this facsimile edition of the unique British Museum fragment containing sixty-two pages of the Cologne quarto of 1525. Tyndale had begun to print his New Testament at Cologne and had completed ten sheets or eighty pages of his quarto edition when Dobneck discovered what he was about and he was forced to fly from Cologne with his sheets and manuscript to Worms, where he soon brought out his octavo edition, but continued the quarto only through the Gospel of Mark.

This facsimile is more than a thing of curiosity and beauty. To the student of the New Testament canon the table of contents page proves conclusively that Tyndale followed Luther in his low estimate of Hebrews, James, Jude, and the Revelation, which Tyndale like Luther sets apart from the rest of the New Testament in a separate group, not numbered with a parallel arrangment of Tyndale's revision of 1535 of the fifth chapter of Matthew with the Great Bible, the Geneva, the Bishops' (in the second edition), and the Rheims New Testament, a few minutes spent on which should satisfy anyone that as Mr. Pollard says, the King James New Testament is fully ninety per cent Tyndale.

STRENGTH OF RELIGION AS SHOWN BY SCIENCE. By CHARLES E. DE M. SAJOUS. Philadelphia: F. A. Davis Co. 1926. $2.50.

Dr. Sajous is not a professional writer of popular books but a teacher of medicine. This volume has evidently grown out of his conviction that he could prescribe for a disease of society. His thesis can be simply stated. America is suffering from a tidal wave of crime and immorality especially among its youth. The only preventive of this evil is religion, but religion is discredited of late because of its supposed conflict with science. If this conflict could be removed and religion allowed to work unhindered or even strengthened by science it would restrain our social evils.

Dr. Sajous attempts to show the reconciliation of science and religion. Their conflict is due to error on both sides. Evolution as commonly understood, as for example the descent of man from the monkeys, is not held by scientists today. The Bible as usually read is full of man-made errors. Especially in the first chapters of Genesis the Hebrew has been mistranslated. When these mistakes are rectified, religion and the Bible are sustained by science, a new era of confidence in religion is introduced and a new religious foundation is laid for the prevention of immorality in children.

Dr. Sajous is most at home in science. He claims to use in this book arguments from twenty different sciences. He is probably a trustworthy physician of the body. One may not feel so sure of his specific for mental and moral conditions. His diagnosis is too simple as well as his panacea. The Scopes trial was not on the major symptom of modern problems of religion. Irreligion is not mainly due to the conflict of creation and evolution. Therefore a somewhat stretched reconciliatory interpretation of Genesis will not go far to remove the trouble. This doctor may be right in his revision of popular views about what science holds, but it is rather extreme for a scientist to claim that science demonstrates the existence of God. And when he deals with the Hebrew of Genesis he plainly lacks adequate literary knowledge and historical perspective. These faults are more serious than his slight defects in English and unnecessary repetitiousness of the volum

WHERE DO YOU LIVE? By CHAI REYNOLDS BROWN. Yale Unive Press. New Haven. 1926. $1.50.

The dean of the Yale Divinity Scl offers a new collection of ten college mons, like the earlier collections, "' Talks," and "What Is Your Name?" "talks" as he would prefer to call them all quite simple and deal with the prac rather than the theological aspects of ligion. They are virile in style with ho ly and modern illustrations. The re recognizes that the best traits of I Brown come out in his sermons when r much as they do when he is heard. Not preachers have the same good fortune *their printed sermons.*

Brief Mention

THIS week's is a shelf of poetry. (mane to the art, certainly is *O Barfield's* "History in English Wor (Doran. $1.50) with an introduction *George Philip Krapp.* Here is a digest man's progress as reflected in his langua Mr. Barfield, to be sure, is chiefly concer with what may be called the "souls" words "as revealers of human history." to the poet the science of linguistics n mean more than the mere physical asp of words or the poet is a mere versif This is one of the studies in philology t any poet may read profitably.

"Types of Poetry," by *Jacob Zeitlin Clarissa Rinaker,* both of the University Illinois (Macmillan: 1926), selects fr poets old and new and both English a American, poems that fall into the follow general classifications: The Ballad (T Popular Ballad, The Literary Ballad), Epic, the Metrical Romance, the Mis laneous Narrative, Lyric Poetry, (The So Lyrics of Love, Lyrics of Death, Religi Lyrics, Reflective Lyrics), the Drama Lyric, the Sonnet, The Ode, Elegiac Poe (The Elegiac Mood, Dirges and Lamer Memorial Poems) the Epigram, the Id Didactic, Descriptive and Informal Ver Satire, Vers de Société, Humorous Ver and Nonsense Verse. A brief treatment the elements of English prosody comple the volume. This is an interesting compi tion and a scholarly addition to such anth ogies.

"Embers," a collection of hymns a other verse by *Melancthon Woolsey Stryk* D.D., LL.D., L.H.D., who was Preside of Hamilton College from 1892 to 191 is a huge tome published by Ernest Dres North of 587 Fifth Avenue. Stryker w a militant Christian, a man who exulted life and faith. His metrical facility obvious, his religious chants are as good many in the hymnbook. He was a mc minor poet but evidently a strong, kind and lovable man.

Harold Vinal, poet and publisher poetry, has supplied a half dozen of th smaller books before us. These books ar in the main, prettily made. Five are b women. *Ann Hamilton's* "A Jewelle Screen" is the one most prettily bound, an on the whole, the most interesting thoug her poems might easily be mistaken for tho of *Georgiana Thayer,* in "Eve Passes." I both books there is lyrical work of som charm, a feminine utterance whimsical an mildly mystical. Miss Hamilton is th most successfully concise, with some feelin for *décor. Elizabeth Shaw Montgomery* "Scarabaeus" is more ambitious and fille with a wail for lost love. It is much bette poetry than *Rufus Ansley's* quite negligibl "Overture" which exhibits too many crudi ties. It is more original than *Marion Ethe Hamilton's* "Wild Ginger," though the lat ter fills her obviously Masefieldian narra tive with the color of the tropical Oahu that she knows, and thus gives the rathe hobbling story a certain freshness of back ground. But *H. Thompson Rich,* in "I Come Singing" is, in turn, better than Miss Montgomery. Here there is more pith. Which is not to say, however, that we re gard him as more than an averagely prom ising minor poet. Each of these books is priced at a dollar and a half.

In *Gertrude Callaghan's* "Witch Girl" (Blue Faun Publications. $1.50) there are the same variations on heartache and youth and romance, the same intuitive quality, the same wistfulness, the same fastidious avoidance of contact with the actual that mark much minor poetry by women. There is also the same facility in well-worn slight rhythms. *Caresse Crosby's* "Graven Images" (Houghton Mifflin: $1.50) are moulded more heavily. They are also less original. Here are for instance sonnets of "Lost Long-Ago" and "Sea-Spray." When the author makes a child say, "When nurse has gone,

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

A BALANCED RATION

A PRINCE OF MALAYA. By *Sir Hugh Clifford* (Harpers).

JULIA MARLOWE. By *Charles Edward Russell* (Appleton).

PRINTS AND BOOKS. By *William M. Ivins, Jr.* (Harvard University Press).

C. R., Saginaw, Mich., asks for books of short stories dealing primarily with love. There could be volumes by individual authors or anthologies such as "Twenty-Nine Love Stories" (Appleton).

IT cuts the ground from under a reply to have read "Twenty-Nine Love Stories," for with this collection I would begin a list, if only to show the student (you never can tell if he may not be himself hesitant upon the brink of falling in love) that there are at least twenty-seven different ways of being unhappy by doing so. "The Best Love Stories of 1925," selected by Muriel Humphrey (Small, Maynard), are happier; possibly because they are by Americans (the Appleton collection, like the admirable volume of "31 Stories" that preceded it, are almost all by British writers) they are in the main stories of love surviving marriage. Let no one, misled by the title, turn to Ring Lardner's "The Love Nest" (Scribner), for a study of post-matrimonial bliss; it is an appalling flashlight—a marriage with disillusion on one side, on the other fatuous content, a story to make one shiver, impossible to evade or to forget, and there are at least four others in the book quite as remarkable. One might call Booth Tarkington's "Women" (Doubleday, Page) a collection of the kind for which C. R. is searching. So is "The Whole Story," by Elizabeth Bibesco (Putnam), in which the first concerns a popular woman novelist who spins her caveman stories from the safe substance of imagination and convinces the public that they are true—until she falls in love at a mature age, and endows the beloved object with the qualities in which she has pathetically believed.

But if a "love-story" be a story about Love, and what the irresponsible Eros may do with the lives of those on whom he chooses to exert his power, then I nominate for first place this year two tales, the first in a book by itself, "Simonetta Perkins" by L. P. Hartley (Putnam). Here the spectator, amused or sympathetic according to his nature, may watch what happens to a cool, reasonable New England Brahminess, when she chooses the danger-spot, Venice, in which to defy the power of Eros. It is Love himself that plays with her for the duration of this story—an episode of a week—and that one feels must have set her down, so lightly and so undamaged, with a gentle scorn. The other is a sophisticated study of a woman nothing much in herself save as she takes on the color of the beloved, Aldous Huxley's "Two or Three Graces" (Doran). I have read and heard not a few objections to Mr. Huxley's ending with a statement of belief that Grace's loves involve a perpetual *da capo*: it is impossible, some say, that so gentle a creature should not wreck upon this second or third disillusion. Not at all: Checkhov knew better: read "The Darling," a story that one infers Mr. Huxley has read, but that he has equalled, if not in sympathy, certainly in subtlety.

J. O. F., Logan, O., who reads French readily but has read nothing by Marcel Proust, asks for a book that will give her some idea of his life and work, and also for advice on the choice of "one of his books that a beginner can grasp."

ANYONE who reads French readily can grasp Proust's one novel "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu," provided also that he is able to un-grasp all previous ideas about French literary style—some would go so far as to say, of French grammar. There is but one place to begin, and that is at the beginning of these thirteen volumes, and go on until you lose breath. This may happen quite early in the work, from trying to hold it until you get to a full-stop in a sentence that runs over a page, or it may be taken away some time later from other causes. I have but two bits of advice on this author: (1) Never discuss Proust until you have read something that he has written; (2) Discuss only what you have read. He is not one of the authors who may be carried about under the left arm and absorbed through the pores. Nor is it necessary to read French to get the best of his great work: six volumes have been admirably translated by Scott-Moncrieff (two from Holt, four from Seltzer) and in America at least, only a special student, whether of Proust, of contemporary methods of tapping the subconscious, or of abnormal psychology, will go much further than this.

"Marcel Proust," by Leon Pierre-Quint (Paris: Simon Kra), was described in the *Saturday Review of Literature* for March 6; it is the first biography to appear, but there have been not a few critical studies with biographical background. "Le Salon de Madame Arman De Caillavet," by Jeanne Pouquet (Hachette), is the latest contribution to Proustiana; the chief interest of this book is in the picture of the lady who figures in recent intimate and iconoclastic studies of Anatole France, but there is a series of sidelights on the young Marcel and his relations with the social world as they appear in "Swann's Way."

L. G. F., Pensacola, Fla., asks for books for a club that will spend the winter reading about Spain, especially modern Spain. R. S. T., Chicago, is preparing for a long visit to that country.

HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK'S "Short History of Spain" (Little, Brown) sweeps the field for the general reader in chapters of such vigorous and ingratiating presentation that he may find himself, as I did, going straight through the book at a single sitting. "The Tourist's Spain and Portugal," by Ruth K. Wood (Dodd, Mead), was written at the instance of the Spanish Government for a guide in travelling or for general information. "Virgin Spain," by Waldo Frank (Boni & Liveright), is an effort, the latest-made, to search out the spirit of the land and the people: Havelock Ellis made the attempt in "The Soul of Spain" (Houghton Mifflin) and J. B. Trend in "A Picture of Modern Spain" (Houghton Mifflin), while in "The Tragic Sense of Life" (Macmillan) Miguel de Unamuno goes deeper than any foreigner may hope to penetrate, but Unamuno's book is material for the philosopher rather than the traveller. "Two Vagabonds in Spain," by Jan and Cora Gordon (McBride), is a joyful record of travel with pictures in the same spirit. "Four Months Afoot in Spain," by Harry Franck (Century), would give practical advice to the correspondent preparing for a walking-tour, and for this kind of travel detailed information is needed. "Spain Today," by Frank Deakin (Knopf), is especially good for its outline of labor and political conditions: reading it one realizes how closely the novels of Baroja and even of Ibañez stick to the facts when they involve national and local politics. "Things Seen in Spain," by C. G. Hartley (Dutton), is one of a series of pocket-sized illustrated guide-books making excellent souvenirs of travel; the "Mediæval Towns" series (Dutton) which I have constant cause to recommend for other purposes than those of travel-guides, includes "Santiago," "Seville," and "Toledo." Mrs. Steuart-Erskine's "Madrid: Past and Present" (Dutton) is history and guide combined, and Edward Hutton's "The Cities of Spain" (Macmillan), is a splendid volume for the traveller's collection of illustrated books. So is Ernest Peixotto's "Through Spain and Portugal" (Scribner), a painter's record, wonderfully illustrated. "Spain in Silhouette," by Trowbridge Hall (Macmillan), is sketches of travel in places off and on the tourist track, in widely differing scenery and conditions. A travel club planning a program could take Eleanor Elsner's "Spanish Sunshine" (Century) and follow its journey around the map of Spain.

The novels of Pío Baroja are published in English by Knopf ("The City of the Discreet," "Caesar or Nothing," and the trilogy of novels of the very poor that includes the unforgettable picture of slum life, "Weeds") and with the regional novels of Ibañez (Dutton) should be within reach of a travel club whose studies touch these places. "Mariflor," by Concha Espiña (Macmillan), is an austerely beautiful study of a world of women-workers, an ancient and tradition-bound province where the men must earn what money there is in other lands, leaving the farms to be carried on by wives and daughters. "Andorra," and "Wild Heart," by Isabelle Sandy (Houghton Mifflin), come near enough geographically to be included among the

(*Continued on next page*)

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Points of View

Carl Spitteler

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

In your issue of July 31, Mr. James F. Muirhead does well to draw attention to the neglect of Carl Spitteler in England. He is, however, not quite right in his assumption that, apart from "incidental notices on his winning of the Nobel Prize" and at his death, "nothing seems to have been written about him" in England. As he mentions "The Nobel Prizewinners in Literature" and my "Studies from Ten Literatures" as American exceptions to the rule (both works having been published in England!), he may perhaps be interested to know that, although not an Englishman nor an American, I succeeded in getting the first study of Spitteler published which appeared in England. A portion of the lengthy essay in that book was printed in two issues of the London *Egoist*, in July and August, 1919. To that excellent periodical must, therefore, go the credit of having recognized Spitteler's importance long before it was known that he would get the Nobel Prize and five years before his death.

Mr. Muirhead will find that the earliest translation of Spitteler into English was made by Mr. Jethro Bithell, when he included some of his poems in "Contemporary German Poetry," an anthology, published by the English firm of Walter Scott in 1909. In 1916, in a similar anthology published in New York and London by Appleton, "A Harvest of German Verse," by Margarete Anna Muensterberg, Spitteler was also included. Specimens of his prose and verse appeared in the series of "German Classics of the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries," edited by Kuno Francke and W. G. Howard, Vol. XIV, New York, 1914.

So far as the insularity of England is concerned, as compared with America, in the attitude of editors and publishers towards foreign authors, I may add that in 1915 I offered my essay on Spitteler to the editor of every monthly and quarterly review in the British Islands without avail. Four years later the pioneering *Egoist*, under the direction of Harriet Weaver and T. S. Eliot, accepted it. Yet, on my return to this country in 1920, you at once gave the hospitality of other columns then under your editorship to several articles which I wrote on the subject. What I am curious to know is whether, in Mr. Muirhead's view, subjects are neglected in English when the books in which they are treated happen to be first published in America. As Messrs. Scribner and Appleton, who issued the only two books in English containing essays on Spitteler, both have offices in London, why is it that at the British Museum "no English name appears in the Catalogue in connection with his"? In American libraries works of reference are entered irrespective of the nationality of the author.

ERNEST BOYD.

New York.

Literary Theories

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

Sir: I have been expecting, but so far in vain, an adequate review of Herr Oswald Spengler's formidable work, "The Decline of the West," in your pages. Mr. James Harvey Robinson's notice of it was, of course, obviously perfunctory and superficial. It would be interesting and instructive to know what serious, scholarly, progressive American metaphysicians and philosophers think of Spengler's conclusions and—even more—of his singular method of reaching them.

Take, for example, his distinction between culture and civilization. What warrant is there for it? Where does he base his definitions? Not on any dictionary, surely. It is an absolutely arbitrary proceeding on his part. Culture and civilization are interchangeable terms, as a matter of fact. We have as yet precious little culture or civilization, but we are slowly and painfully building up a civilization. That is, we are becoming socialized and humanized, and are learning to put humanity, reason, and good will into our institutions.

Culture may indeed be organic, as Spengler affirms, but in the sense in which society is called an organism, not in the sense in which individual creatures are organisms. Societies need not die, and civilizations need not die. Or, if we prefer to read history in another light, civilizations evolve and change, with incidental declines and disappearances of certain of their features. Slavery was once a feature of civilizations, but slavery is dead. The Inquisition was another feature of certain civilizations, and that institution is dead. But we still enjoy the best and noblest things of the Greek, Hebrew, Roman, and Spanish civilizations, and shall continue to enjoy them to the end of human existence on this planet.

All educated men, said Disraeli, really profess the same religion—that is, the same Agnosticism. All cultivated and well-read persons exemplify the same civilization, at least so far as human behavior and social relations are concerned. Honor, rectitude, high-mindedness, unselfishness, sympathy, courage, intelligence are terms which have the same meaning the world over. The half dozen immortals alluded to by Mr. Kipling recently are immortal for all cultivated men and women. In art, to be sure, standards and tastes vary, but, after all, there is a Western art and an Eastern art. Germans admire Manet and Cézanne as much as do Frenchmen and Americans, and Bach and Beethoven are played in every music center of the western world.

Spengler seems to believe that western literature, art, philosophy, and diplomacy are bankrupt. To support this gloomy view, he adduces such facts as suit his purpose. But there are more facts on every side that contradict and refute him. Neither in industry, in politics, in government, nor in art is the western world going to the dogs; it is recovering from the madness of the great war and doing remarkable things in science, in art, in thought. The league of nations, the international court, the international conferences on all sorts of problems, the movement for adult education, the revolutionary work in psychology and economics, the labor parties, industrial democracy—these and a thousand other signs and portents scarcely point to a dying or dead culture.

Herr Spengler sits in his library and spins theories out of his inner consciousness. The world of living men and women has no intention of suffering its culture to decay and die. We have only begun to fight for a true, a democratic civilization. This is not Babbittry, but cold, unemotional realism.

VICTOR S. YARROS.

Chicago.

Information Wanted

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I wish information and therefore turn to you. Can you and will you tell me who is the author of "A Tillyloss Scandal" by J. M. Barrie? This came out years ago in pamphlet form. I always thought it one of the best of Barrie's short sketches, but discovered my mistake in the author when I read in Sir James Barrie's preface to a late edition (Scribner) this emphatic denial of the clever "Scandal" and have found no one who did know the author.—Also, will you tell me just where to find in William Congreve's works the verses beginning—

Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade.
Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a shade.

It is beautifully set to music by Händel, as you probably know, but Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey in his "River of Life" evidently did *not* know!

MARY B. CROWELL.
(Mrs. William Crowell.)

Little Boars Head, N. H.

Ambrose Gonzales

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I have been much saddened by the news of the death of that gifted South Carolinian, Ambrose E. Gonzales. Although my life touched his but remotely, it was my privilege to know Mr. Gonzales as one of those blessed people who help make the world go round. For the unknown literary worker he had always a word of encouragement, and for the professional writer, an unstinted meed of praise. In fact, so much of his life was spent in the service of others that he had little time for his own work. When I asked him if he did not intend to write his reminiscences of boyhood days passed on a rice plantation during the historic years of Reconstruction, he replied that he looked forward to giving himself that pleasure in his old age.

I was first attracted to the Gullah tales by an appreciative notice in *The Saturday Review*. But I must confess that the difficulties of the dialect were so great that I was thoroughly discouraged. For the benefit of those who have had a similar experience I want to suggest that it is well, at first, to fight shy of those stories that are overwhelmingly *dialectic*, and to content one's self with some of the characteristic bits of description to be found in nearly all the tales of the Black Border, until one's interest in the story is aroused.

Who, for example, can but rejoice in the opening scene of "At the Cross Roads Store," where our colored sister locks horns with the Yankee trader in the "fust days arter freedom"?

"Hummuch you ax fuh sugar?"
"Ten cents a pound."
"Ten cent' uh poun'?"
"Yes."
"Hummuch fuh fibe cent'?"
"Half a pound."
"Gimme fibe cent' wut."

The short-weight sugar wrapped up and handed out, the customer would draw it to her bosom and, leaning on the counter, put her protecting arms about it. The dollar, ceremonially unwrapped from a corner of her apron, would be handed over, and ninety-five cents in change returned, which she would count over carefully before proceeding with her next purchase.

"You got any bakin'?"
"Yes."
"Wuh kind'uh bakin'?"
"Side meat and shoulder meat."
"Hummuch fuh him?"
"Ten cents for the shoulders and twelve and a half cents for the sides."
"Gimme ten cent' wut uh side meat."

I have ventured to differ from Mr. Donald Davidson, who holds the opinion that the Southern writers of today have no usable literary tradition to guide them. They have at least the tradition of *genre* painting, which takes the form of the anecdotal and humorous story—a tradition that dates back at least to Opie Read, still hale and hearty, and the *Arkansas Traveler* that he founded. The Southern writer is perhaps too original and independent to make use of any tradition. He is at his best when he creates his own medium, in his own locality, as Mr. Gonzales has done in his classic Gullah tales.

HENRIETTA R. PALMER.

Providence, R. I.

A Realist of the 90's

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

It seems to me that Hamlin Garland is rather a neglected writer. He has been called "a realist of the 90's," and the name certainly applies. However, before saying one word praising Mr. Garland, I wish to state that I have also found great enjoyment in Norris's "McTeague," even though it is a rather dismal and depressing work—which goes to show that I am free from prejudice. Now, Garland's work is very different from this type. Though it is the finest of realism, there is nothing sordid about it. Garland fully recognized the shortcomings of mankind, but, unlike our modern realist, Sinclair Lewis, he is not satirical. But, obviously, a book does not have to be bloody, muddy, or biting in order to be in the front ranks of realism. Mr. Garland's books are free from any tendency toward these lines. But he can paint a picture which flashes in full color before your eyes, like a colored cinema picture. Unlike many expert writers, he is not handicapped by being unable to make one see what he is talking about, though I know not whether his gift of description was natural or cultivated, or both. When one reads a piece by Hamlin Garland, it is as if he were actually watching the characters at their work, instead of merely reading about them. I rather fancy, however, that among the readers of *The Saturday Review* he is not widely read. He is a neglected author.

JAMES G. WING.

Mechanicsburg, Ohio

The Readers' Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

novels on this list: they make thrilling reading. There is a new translation (Luce) of "Lazarillo of Tormes," the first picaresque novel, and I must take this chance of calling attention to the new edition of "Don Quixote" for children, with color illustrations, published by Macmillan.

J. M. T., Boston, Mass., asks for suggestions for a reading-list in Spanish, to serve as preparation for a Spanish tour.

THERE should be added to the suggestions made to the reading-club above, should there be members who read Spanish. "España Pintoresca: Life and Customs of Spain in Story and Legend," by Caroli Dorado (Ginn), includes selections fro standard authors, music, and a play. Tl same author's "Primeras Lecciones de E pañol," and "Segundas Lecciones" (Ginn used Spanish stories and is intended to gi the student not only a beginning in tl Spanish language but a sympathetic unde standing of life in Spain. It has many pi tures. Another publication of Ginn is tl plays written for the Children's Theatre Madrid: "El Palacia Triste," by Martiñ Sierra, and "Ganarse la Vida," by Jacin Benavente. These were written to be e joyed by poor children and are therefo set forth in simple language, which mak them especially suitable for a beginner reading. The Pan American Union, h just published a pamphlet, "Spanish Studi in the United States," by Henry Gratta Doyle, which cannot fail to interest an assist anyone interested in this subject. may be ordered from the Governmer Printing Office, Washington, D. C.

THE interest in fauns continues: *M. C* asks if the inquirer would not enjo Eden Phillpotts's "Great God Pan" and tha fascinating short story, "Panic," in E. M Forster's "Celestial Omnibus." There is new Phillpotts book for this inquirer "Circe's Island" (Macmillan), in whic the second story, "The Girl and the Faun, is the poetic tale of a love-affair with young shepherdess. In the first story Circ gets a chance to speak for herself and ex plain a few important matters for whic she has been unjustly censured. *F. F. W. Detroit*, asks how anyone could omit fror a list of cat-books the "masterpiece of then all, 'Kittens: A Family Chronicle,' by Sven Fleuron, translated by David Pritchard an published by Knopf in 1922. It's not onl about real cats, it's a real story, and war rants a wide circulation which seemingly i has not had." *M. C.* reminds me of Var Vechten's "Lords of the Housetop," a cat book already a classic, which figured in th list of these books I published some month ago. And *A. K. M., City Library Associa tion, Springfield, Mass.*, says "Apropos o cats, the enclosed may interest you," an sends a four-page list called "Cats an Dogs," including novels in which they ap pear, books about their care, handbooks or special breeds of dogs, collections of poetry about them, and a selection of books fo children in which they play leading parts. This is one of the publications of the library.

Brief Mention

(*Continued from page 44*)

the walls tiptoe away, the ceiling's twice as high as in the day" we are surprised by ingenuous excellence in the midst of much barren formality. These and her lyrics are some of them adequate (but no more) in execution. Her "Legend Painted Gold" glitters occasionally with bright fancy. *Edna Denham Raymond*, author of "Sparks and Embers" (Seltzer: $1.75) is less skilled technically and more banal.

Triter even, or at least as trite, is *A. W. G.'s* "Nepenthe," (Princeton University Press: $1.50). It is a love diary without any distinction of expression. In "Ghetto Gutters," Seltzer presents poems by *George Plotkin* in which, according to the publisher, "life pummels its way through this epic of the pavements." There are two prefaces to his book, one by *Elias Lieberman*, one by the author. They are rather unnecessary but also rather interesting. The poetry itself is an extraordinary performance, full of faults, full of crudeness, occasionally exhibiting a smart cleverness of versification, occasionally revealing real power. Though mostly slag there is ore in it. There is reality. But there seems little promise as yet of an individual utterance emerging. Most apparent is a play of mordant wit that inclines to the cheap.

There remain "Beyond the Rockies" by *William Augustus Banks* (Dorrance.), negligible; "The Epic of Salem," by *Benjamin Collins Woodbury* (Press of Geo. H. Ellis Co., Boston), a long historical poem which becomes very wearying; "Kaleidoscope Poems" by *Rosalie S. Jacoby* (David Graham Fischer), innocuous and banal; "Syringa at the Gate" by *Lillie Buffum Chase Wyman* (Boston: Marshall Jones), sentimental and hackneyed; "Poetic Pennings," an anthology edited by Joseph Dean, published by Dean & Company at 112 Fourth Avenue, which merits little attention; and "Freedom, Truth, and Beauty," sonnets by *Edward Doyle*, which is dedicated to the Daughters of the American Revolution and in which wild rhetoric riots unrestrained. Finally, "Overtones: Second Series," an Undergraduate publication from the University of Tennessee,—which is what one might expect. And so an end.

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

MERICAN COMPETITION.

S the auction season in England comes to an end, American competition is ng discussed more keenly than ever before. now appears that many American collect- s placed their orders with English rare ok dealers and that the rarities that have ossed the Atlantic from the sales of season 25-26 will be more numerous than first peared on the surface. English consign- s, dealers, and auction houses are, of urse, glad to cater to American trade, but itish collectors who rebel at advancing ices, feel bitter at the whole situation. hey point out that English rarities have en gravitating to America since the days Henry Stevens, and that American col- tors now are buying the best of everything id never hesitate to pay the price to get hat they want. One English collector ges the formation of an organization milar to the Grolier Club of New York, enable British collectors to act in unison saving rarities for the English people at ought not to be permitted to leave the ritish Isles. This seems, at first glance, a nsible thing to do. But it is pointed out at this will probably result in keener com- etition than ever, and push prices to new igh levels, tending to draw new collections to the auction market. The determined, sourceful American collector, who thinks ore of adding to his collection than he oes of his money, is a greater problem in ngland and on the Continent than ever efore.

BOUT A SHELLEY "FIND."

EDWARD J. LAVELL contributes an ar- ticle entitled "The Confessions of a ook Hunter," to the current number of *The ookman's Journal*, in which he tells of the iscovery of a rare first edition of the poet helley and how it slipped through his ngers. He writes:

"Some years ago, in one of the back- aters of Hastings, there stood a second- and book shop. A particularly dirty book- hop, small, dark, and dusty: its sun-illum- ed bull's-eye windows—Mecca of buzzing blue-bottles—blinking drowsily at the build- ings opposite. One day while turning over some folios there I came across a slender volume bearing the following on the title- page: "Original Poetry, by Victor and Ca- zire: Dedicated to Mr. Perry, with the com- pliments of J. & J. Philips, Worthing, 1810." A glorous discovery, indeed! for I had unearthed a first edition of Shelley, which had hitherto been known to biblio- philes only through century-old reviews. All efforts to obtain a copy had hitherto been in vain. Having no change on me at the time, I exultingly hurried home to obtain it. But what was my dismay upon return- ing, when I was informed that the volume had been sold for threepence! It had been purchased by my rival, Mr. Nicholls, a re- tired Oxford student resident at Barnesbury, and with it had vanished first folios of Ben Jonson and Kit Marlow. O grief inex- pressible! Mr. Nicholls subsequently died, and this treasure, on his library being put up at auction, was purchased at Messrs. Sotheby's for £600 and was presented to the Shelley Society. Probably its custodians have often wondered how it was discovered, and now I hope that I have satisfied their curiosity."

REVOLUTIONARY WAR EXHIBIT.

A SELECTION of historical material from the shelves of the University of Pennsylvania Library will be on view dur- ing the American Library Association's fiftieth anniversary conference on October 4 and the following four days. It includes unique items illustrating the Declaration of Independence; the John Mills Hale collection of autographs of the signers of the Declara- tion of Independence; letters of men promi- nent in Revolutionary times, including a broadside that shows the weakness of the Congress of 1783; manuscript originals of many important military documents; por- traits and signed documents of General Francis Marion; illustrations of the Ger- man and French connections with the Revo- lution; George Washington's accounts with the United States, portraits of Washington, prints exhibiting the uniforms of the American troops, and pamphlets illustrating points of contact between the Revolution and the University of Pennsylvania; early editions of publications of the period, or- iginal manuscripts, prints, and items illus- trating the surrender of Burgoyne and Cornwallis; first editions of some early American plays inspired by events of the Revolutionary War, interesting as examples of Whig and Tory propaganda; and an im- portant selection from the Franklin Papers. Altogether, it will be an exhibition to which the collector and student, who has the oppor- tunity, should give careful attention.

MEMORIAL TABLET.

A TABLET in honor of New York's four signers of the Declaration of Independence—William Floyd, Philip Liv- ingston, Francis Lewis, and Lewis Morris—was unveiled at the Capitol, at Albany, Aug- ust 2, the 150th anniversary of the day upon which a large number of the delegates signed the famous document. The memorial tablet is of bronze with portraits of the four signers and is located at the foot of the stairs on the second floor leading to the Senate Chamber. It was unveiled by Mrs. Charlotte A. Pitcher, State Chairman of the Daughters of the American Revolution and was presented by Mrs. Samuel Jackson Kramer, State Regent, Senator William T. Byrne, representing Governor Smith, accept- ed the tablet. Regrets were received from President Coolidge, Elihu Root, and others. Dr. Alexander C. Flick, state historian, was one of the principal speakers. He called attention to the fact that New York had twelve representatives in the second Conti- nental Congress but only four signed the Declaration. "You must not think harsh- ly," he said, "of the others whose names do not appear on the document. They were patriots, including such men as John Jay, Robert R. Livingston, Philip Schuyler. These men were conducting campaigns and they were men who stood out prominently and conspicuously by long years of service."

NOTE AND COMMENT

A COPY of the rare suppressed first edition of Lewis Carroll's "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," 1865, recently brought £280 at Hodgson's in London.

Houghton Mifflin Company will publish "Christie's, 1765 to 1925," by H. C. Mari- llier, in a limited edition of 150 copies for sale in America. There is romance as well as history bound up in the catalogues of the great London auction room known as Christie's. Collectors will find in this book much valuable information that is interesting and important for their guidance. The volume is well indexed. Many of the illus- trations are in color.

A magnificent literary enterprise, says the London *Observer*, is approaching comple- tion. It is the reproduction in facsimile of one of the most glorious and romantic of all mediaeval illuminated manuscripts. This is the treasure of Heidelberg, the "Manesse Manuscript," containing the poetry of the German minstrels—Walther von der Vogel- weide, Hartmann, and over a hundred more. The pictures illustrate the whole mediaeval life of Germany, and these, with their illumi- nated initial letters, are reproduced in all the beauty of the original colors, heightened in gold and silver. The edition will be limited to 300 copies for sale.

The regular monthly analysis of the de- mand for first editions of modern British authors, during the four weeks ending June 19, compiled from the desiderata of Eng- lish second hand dealers, printed in the trade journals in England, reported in the current number of *The Bookman's Journal*, shows still a keen interest among collectors in this field. The ten at the head of the list in order are G. Bernard Shaw, Joseph Conrad, Charles Dickens, Anthony Trollope, John Galsworthy, Rudyard Kipling, Thomas Hardy, W. M. Thackeray, W. H. Hudson and G. K. Chesterton.

Dr. George Watson Cole's essay on "Bibliographical Pitfalls—Linked Books" which appeared in the Papers of the Biblio- graphical Society of America, has been re- printed in a separate form for private dis- tribution. The paper discusses those vol- umes which sometimes appear with a gen- eral title-page, register, pagination, etc., but which have separate title pages and in some cases may have appeared as separate publi- cations.

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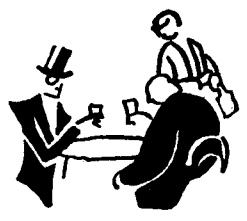
author of "Adam's Breed" —that extraordinary book about the Italian quarter of London. Critics have favorably compared "Adam's Breed" to "The Constant Nymph," "Of Human Bondage," and the work of George Eliot.



ADAM'S BREED is the story of Gian-Lucca—the baby without a father, the child without love, the man without a country. Illegitimate and unrecognized son of Italy's greatest poet, Gian-Lucca never knew his heritage, yet it controlled his strange life in London's Italian restaurants.

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By

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The Phoenix Nest

AS we write this we are learning what humidity really is. We shall never take its name in vain again. It's not so much the humidity as it is the saturation point. Whuff! . . .

The amiable and interesting *Wilbur Macey Stone* comes to our rescue with a letter. It is anent that *Angela Brazil* we mentioned lately as one of the favorite contemporary writers-for-girls in England. Mr. Stone. . . .

It may interest or mildly amuse you to know that there is at least one citizen of the great and more or less inglorious republic who has not only heard of Angela Brazil (vide *Sat. Rev.* July 31, p. 16, top of col. 3) but has actually corresponded with her! There now lies before me a four page circular received from Miss Brazil (and this is her honest-to-goodness name) in 1922, listing 21 volumes of her work plus one title added in *ms!* The front page carries a half tone portrait headed "The Schoolgirl's Favorite Authoress." Some years ago I had occasion to write to the Historical Society of Coventry, England, for some information and my reply was signed "Angela Brazil Hon. Secty." Her work is issued in this country by Fred. Stokes & Co.

Also our famulus has been busy collecting a little lit'ry dope for us. Said famulus has gleaned the following. . . .

That *William McFee* has finished a new novel, "Pilgrims of Adversity," and is going abroad to collect material for a "Life of Frobisher." . . .

That *Henry Saylor*, one-time editor of *Country Life in America*, and author of "Tinkering with Tools," a charming book about amateur carpentry, has joined the staff of Scribner's as editor of *Architecture*. . . .

That Mr. *Frank V. Morley's* "River Thames" is to be published by Harper's. It is illustrated by *Laurence Irving*, grandson of Sir Henry. . . .

That Harpers, we understand, plan to reissue some of the too-little-known-by-the-younger-generation short-stories of *Mary E. Wilkins* in a volume. Hurrah! Mrs. Wilkins is one of the real people. . . .

That the editors of *The Saturday Review* take their luncheon at the Hotel Unabridged on Forty-Fifth Street. . . .

That *Don Marquis*, who has been acting up in Maine (we beg his pardon, not "acting up," but "acting" and "up in Maine"!) has won great applause as a thespian and proved once more the versatility of his genius. . . .

That *Joe Hergesheimer's* new novel, "Tampico," is, naturally, laid in tropical Mexico, and is an engrossing study of the power of the individual over even the deadly jungle. . . .

That *Ford Madox Ford* has really produced an intimate view of the actual France in his "A Mirror to France" (Boni). His is the France little frequented by foreigners, untouristed, fundamental, unchanging. . . .

As for us, we recommend your glance at *Joseph Warren Beach's* "The Outlook for American Prose," a book stimulating, if only of disagreement. Some of the papers included have been published in periodicals heretofore. One that we thought especially good originally appeared in the *Atlantic*. It is called "Proud Words." Mr. Beach commendably criticizes some of the best contemporary writers for their inexactitude of language, their mere bowing acquaintance with the dictionary. In another paper, "Unripe Fruits," under the subtitle "Incoherence in the Philosopher" the linguistic practice of Professor John Dewey (grand mogul among American philosophers) is subjected to unsparing analysis. . . .

Mr. Beach will perform a signal service to American letters if he continues to point out instances of illiteracy in our modern great. The world is full today of excessively careless writing. In the case of writers of admittedly superior talent Jove nods too often. Mr. Beach's book comes from The University of Chicago Press. . . .

The *Witter Bynner* Undergraduate Poetry Prize for 1926 has gone to *Langston Hughes* of Lincoln University, whose book of poems, "The Weary Blues," was published earlier this year by Knopf, with an introduction by *Carl Van Vechten*. This is the second year that Mr. Bynner's prize has gone to a negro, the award for 1925 being made to the celebrated negro poet, *Countée Cullen*. . . .

American writers who endorse St. Jean-de-Luz, on the "other side," as a good work-and-play place are *Louis Bromfield* and *Edna Ferber*. There is lots of swimming, golf, and tennis. . . .

Awhile back we spoke of *Kipling* having mentioned the "fifty ultimate comedies and tragedies to which the gods mercifully limit human action and suffering." "What are they?" we inquired. Now *Edward Bergin* writes to inform us that "*Polti, George*, Les Trente-Six Situations Dramatiques, published by *Mercure de France*, 1895, may throw some light on the fifty. Mr. Kipling seems to have discovered fourteen more." Mr. Bergin, be it said, types his suggestion from the University of Detroit, Detroit, Michigan. . . .

News of *C. LeRoy Baldridge*, who—previous to the latest celebrity, Captain *John W. Thomason*—was hailed as the greatest interpreter in pencil of the late A. E. F., is that he and his wife, *Caroline Singer*, are on a leisurely motor trip to Santa Fé from New York. Their new joint book, "Turn to the East," is being printed by William E. Rudge and will be published by Minton, Balch in September. There will be at least one sketch on every page, printed by means of the new Aquatone process, which affords an absolutely exact reproduction of the original. In addition the book will contain eight full pages in color. . . .

The same firm will bring out on September 10th *Armistead Gordon's* "Allegra: The Story of *Byron* and *Miss Clairmont*." The author is a collateral descendant of the same Eight Gordons of whom Byron's mother was one. He lays particular emphasis on Byron's inheritance from the wild Gordon side. . . .

We are glad to note that Holt is publishing a new volume of poems by *Humbert Wolfe*, "Humoresque." Wolfe is the most promising of the younger poets in England today. . . .

Both *Sherwood Anderson* and *T. S. Stribling* are enthusiastic about *Elizabeth Madox Roberts's* "The Time of Man," a new novel from the Viking Press. . . .

Miss Roberts brought out a book of poems of childhood, "Under the Tree," several years ago, which had a fine distinction. "The Time of Man" is a long book, a full, slow-moving one. Its characters are "poor whites" in the Kentucky hills. But there is an unusual flexibility and felicity in the language wherein the tale is told. There is an extraordinary insight into dumb, driven lives. . . .

A new volume of poems from *Orrick Johns* is "Wild Plum" (Macmillan) Mr. Johns has not collected his later work for a long time. He is a fine poet who should be accorded a high place in modern American verse. . . .

Two Van Dorens produce first novels this season. *Carl Van Doren*, the critic, through Harcourt, gives us "The Ninth Wave." His sister-in-law, *Dorothy Van* Doren, enters the lists with "Strangers."

Alyse Gregory, former managing editor of the *Dial* and now the wife of *Llewelyn Powys*, is likewise a first novelist. Her "She Shall Have Music" (Harcourt) relates a girl's spiritual pilgrimage from the confines of vulgar convention. . . .

Did you ever hear *Carl Sandburg* sing "The Boll Weevil Song"? Well, "The American Songbag" is his forthcoming collection of native American folksong. He has accumulated in his travels with a guitar songs of the Southern Negro, of the Kentucky and Tennessee mountaineers, of the midwest farm country, and of the miners and cowboys of the far west. He sings "Frankie and Johnnie" as "Frankie and Albert,"—but let that pass. The Songbag is sure to be full of good stuff. . . .

Donald Ogden Stewart and bride are now abroad. Mrs. Stewart was *Miss Beatrice Ames* of Montecito, California. Stewart's new book, "Mr. and Mrs. Haddock in Paris, France," will be brought out by Harper's in the fall. . . .

This summer Hodder & Stoughton in England are publishing a new *Buchan* novel, "The Dancing Floor." All *John Buchan* devotees please copy! Naturally, it's packed with adventure, and is also about modern English life, with a "love-interest." Buchan's work for Messrs. Nelson and his history of the war seemed to be completely absorbing him. But now, thank heaven, he appears to be loose again. . . .

Ezra Pound's "Personæ" will be published on September 15th. The delay has been occasioned by the fact that two compositors and three proof readers have become stark raving mad from trying to follow Mr. Pound's voluminous hints to printers. The final work is now being done by a young man suffering from a severe attack of biliousness, who does not notice the lack of punctuation, because of the fact that the specks dancing before his eyes seem to punctuate the poetry perfectly. The firm in which all this is happening is Boni and Liveright. . . .

Salaam!

THE PHŒNICIAN.

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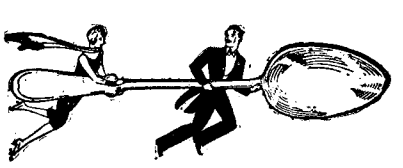

"The Silver Spoon" was published on July 9. You will find it at the top of all lists of best sellers compiled since that time.

John Galsworthy's
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